

September 13, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NEW HAIRSTYLES FOR SPRING... See page 33



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Page 2

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 13, 1961

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Toni Gardiner, the English girl who married King Hussein of Jordan last May (story, page 5) manages her own household in the modest but elegant al-Homar Palace, where the couple live in Amman.

THEY will move soon to the King's "farmhouse," a private retreat ten miles north-west of Amman.

Workmen are adding a second floor of bedrooms and bathrooms to the present two-bedroom stone house overlooking a valley.

★ ★ ★
DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. Her column will resume on her return.

★ ★ ★
ALL the discarded Sydney trams are not at Carrabee Farm, Bowral, N.S.W. (August 30 issue), writes "Rens Gostwyck," of Roma, Qld.

Mr. W. S. Loughnan, of Woolerbill, down the Culgoa River from Dirranbandi, in south-western Queensland, has constructed a bridge from the chassis of four Sydney trams.

The "bridge carpenter" was Mr. Jack Laughton.

The bridge is above flood level and solid enough to take the heaviest earth-moving equipment.

Woolerbill, the home of Loughnans for the past 60 years, has always, until now, been isolated in floods.

★ ★ ★
A WOMAN can have at least ten years taken off her age by plastic surgery, one of Sydney's leading plastic surgeons

Our Cover

● Pretty hairstyle by Kenneth of New York, Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite hairdresser, introduces "40 New Hairstyles for Spring," presented in an eight-page pullout for you to take to your hairdresser to copy (pages 33 to 39).

Cover picture by New York photographer Milton H. Greene.

Milton Greene is accompanying Mr. Kenneth to photograph the styles the hairdresser is designing for the first ladies of six countries in Asia and Africa, as reported in our August 30 issue.

told staff reporter Winitold Munday (page 7).

And the doctor doesn't consider that only vain women have plastic surgery.

"Inquiry into case histories indicates that most patients want to look younger to keep their jobs — especially in the entertainment and fashion world," he said.

"Others have a real fear of losing their husbands if they lose their looks, and a few women quite frankly admit they are widowed and on the lookout for a second husband."

NEXT WEEK: Make Your Own Spring Hats — Eight pretty hats to make from easy-to-follow instructions... Beginning "Heaven Has No Favorites" — New serial by internationally famous author Erich Maria Remarque (story, page 9).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1961



CLASSIC high pillbox for the fashion-conscious woman with a full social life.



TAILORED design in basket-weave strawcloth has a crisp white trim.



YOUTHFUL appeal in a fancy straw, with folds of white organza under the brim.

THIS SEASON'S HATS

Nine models chosen from 500 in the spring-summer show of the Australian Millinery Manufacturers' Association.



SWEETHEART-PINK straw in a mature version of the sou'wester.



ELEGANCE of black-and-white is shown in a hugely flounced pillbox.



ROMANTIC PICTURE HAT for the big occasion in draped silk organza with full-blown roses.



WHITE CHERRIES give verve to (left) this small hat.



PRETTY sou'wester with scalloped brim and self rose.



THE DOLL HAT. This version is in white satin with a gold lame rose.

● Among 500,000 blooms for the N.S.W. Orchid Society's Festival next week, reporter Robin Adair found his namesake — the Robin Adair cymbidium. This prompted him to find out more about . . .

An orchid that's out of fashion

— and he let the orchid tell the story . . .



● Staff reporter Robin Adair with the Robin Adair orchid.

THERE'S one thing you can say about us orchids—we're not shrinking violets.

Next week, I — the Robin Adair cymbidium—and about 500,000 other blooms will be showing off in the Sydney Town Hall during the N.S.W. Orchid Society's 1961 Festival.

The Festival is probably the biggest regular orchid display in the world, and one of the largest shows of any flower.

But, although thousands of people will look at us during the Festival and at least 20,000 people throughout Australia grow us, I'm afraid many others don't know an *Odontoglossum* from a *Sophronitis grandiflora*.

Very popular

Take me, for instance. I'm a bronze-colored, four-inch-wide flower of the cymbidium family.

I'm just managing to scrape into the Festival this year.

Not because I'm a cymbidium — goodness, no! My family is probably the most popular in Australia.

The main reason I had trouble making the Festival is that I am out of fashion.

I'm too dark and not quite big or pretty enough by modern standards — and, of course, I'm getting on in years.

I was a gay young thing in the early 1930s, when my name was first registered.

Orchids are named like racehorses.

All new names have to be approved by the Registrar of Names and Awards of the Royal Horticultural Society in London.

If the name already exists, the new orchid has to be christened again.

Don't get the idea that I was a pioneer Australian orchid. The first local fanciers

By ROBIN ADAIR
(an orchid)
as told to
ROBIN ADAIR
(staff reporter)

started growing us about 60 years ago.

You could call most of the orchids at the Festival "New Australians." All the biggest and best families "migrated" from overseas.

My people are from the foothills of the Himalayas.

Time and fame have passed me by—and so has money.

You can buy my plant for a pound or so, a bulb for a couple of shillings—and a grower would probably give a bloom away free.

Some of my colleagues are in the big money.

(By the way, all of us are insured during the Festival for £50,000.)

Take that relation of mine, Cariga Sorrento. A bulb which grew cymbidiums like that was sold five years ago for £650—an Australian record which still stands.

And about a million Australian cymbidiums are exported each year to the United States and Europe. They are sold for about 5/- each.

Of course, show orchids don't quite see petal-to-petal with these "commercial travellers."

Show-bench orchids must be closely petalled, neat flowers. Top export orchids like Con-

stance Barbara (a 6-in.-wide white with a pink flush bloom) and Adele Sander Narcissus (pastel yellow with a maroon lip) are bigger and have more showy, wider petals.

But we admire their casual attitude to world travelling. Just put a bloom's stem in a test-tube filled with water and pack it in a box and it's happy.

Americans have prolific nurseries, but they want us because our flowering seasons — from June to October — fill supply gaps made by their off-seasons.

Although there's a certain aura of exclusiveness around orchids, we're pretty tough and easy to grow.

A 100-mile belt around Sydney is the best place in Australia to raise us. There we thrive—practically in the open.

We really only need bush-houses or glasshouses around Sydney to filter the sun and help our colors develop properly and to protect our buds.

Fragrance

While the big orchids at the Festival are easy to admire, some of the most interesting can't be seen—unless you have a magnifying glass.

Exhibitors often use masses of microscopic Australian native orchids as a backdrop against which to display their bigger stars.

There's one misconception about orchids I'd like to clear up.

Many people think we have no fragrance. Certainly some cypripediums, for instance, have none, but many do—and it's lovely.

Well, there are a lot of busy days of being stared at ahead of me.

Not that I get so many stares these days. People are more interested in the new stars, like last year's grand champion Dorchester Jeanette.

So as we flowers, too, say: I must close now. I want to be fresh for next week.

● Cariga Sorrento — a bulb sold for £650.



Beautiful Hair

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It must be a boy for Toni

Hussein's wife has uncertain future in Arab kingdom

● For Toni Gardiner, 20-year-old British-born wife of Jordan's King Hussein, the coming months will be mixed with happiness and anxiety — happiness that she may give birth to a son, anxiety that it may be a girl.

IN the Arab world, where daughters are of little account, a boy could win for Toni the respect of her husband's people. A girl may turn their present diffident acceptance into active dislike.

It could also change the attitude, suggested last May when they were married, that Toni's children would not be in line for the Jordan throne.

Already Toni has had a hard enough initiation as the commoner wife of a king. Not only did she have to become used to the permanent danger of assassination but she had to adjust herself to a strange mode of life.

Her first real challenge was to win the approval of the exacting and extremely powerful Queen Mother.

According to a palace source, "relations between Toni and Queen Zein have improved considerably since the wedding." In fact, the Queen has referred to her new daughter-

From
JOY LESLIE,
in London

in-law as "a girl in a million."

So there Toni has an ally. But she has yet to overcome the potential opposition of Shariff Nasser, the Queen's brother, a feudal type who does not like the young King's Western outlook.

And as Muna al Hussein (Hussein's Desire), her new Moslem name, she must accustom herself to a woman's place in the Moslem world.

Hussein could insist that she be the absolute servant of her master, the King, that she obey his every wish, never argue, always be at hand.

Closely guarded night and day, legally not able to move without the King's consent, she is virtually a prisoner in the lovely al-Homar Palace overlooking Amman, the capital.

She must graciously accept local customs, however much they may offend her English tastes.

She must show no displeasure when, in joyful sacrifice, the Jordanians slaughter milk-white camels on the palace steps with one lunge of a silver-crested knife.

Nor must she flinch at the feasting when hands (washed afterwards in rose water) are used to tear the whole sheep apart and the ceremonial sheep's eyes eaten.

As a switchboard operator in Ipswich, England, she had

no preparation for marriage to a man who, at 26, had survived three attempts to kill him, has lived through the murder of his grandfather, his cousin, King Faisal of Iraq, and his Prime Minister, Majali.

Office girl

After less than four months it is too soon to tell whether she can make a success of her Royal marriage. But, through her own good nature and common sense, the pretty, blue-eyed English girl has already helped silence the opposition that greeted announcement of the match.

Nothing from Toni's very first date and drink (a pineapple juice in a pub) singled her out from any other sweet little office girl.

She was hopeless at maths, keen on dancing, doted on horses, careless about what films she saw, kindly and polite, and worked as a wages clerk with a Stratford-on-Avon engineering firm.

"But," said her former employer, "her calculations were rather erratic and I had to switch her on to other jobs."

But Toni had one advantage over other young working girls leading routine lives. She had a father in the Army, and he was posted to Jordan.

At first, January, 1960, merely changed Toni from a switchboard operator in England to a switchboard operator in Jordan. But when she worked in Amman as a script-typist for the film "Lawrence of Arabia," the fairytale magic of the screen started rubbing off on her life.

As a member of the film company she attended a reception at the Royal Palace and met the young King. Their mutual interest in go-kart and

horse racing started the Hussein reign in Toni's life.

As Hussein's wife, Toni certainly doesn't live in a permanent fairytale.

Wives in fairytales never have to look over their shoulders for infiltrators, assassins, and general trouble-makers. Their Royal escorts never travel in topless black Land-Rovers with machine-guns spouting fore and aft. And the Arab servant who hands coffee to guests never has a revolver dangling from his robes as he does in Jordan.

But Toni has luxury. Maids scent her bath, help choose her dress from a magnificent wardrobe, and advise the chef of her lightest food fancy.

When she steps out of bed it is on to carpets woven by Bedouin tribesmen who roam 50,000 square miles of Jordan desert. (Before her marriage Toni spent some time living in the wilds with a Bedouin tribe, picking up the local dialect and learning about the men on whose loyalty Hussein's life depends.)

And, despite the King's frequent absences, Toni's not entirely lonely. Her closest friend, Susan Payne, daughter of Flight-Lieut. A. Payne, of Kent, arrived in Jordan about two months ago to stay with her while Hussein dealt with demanding affairs of State.

He's happier

Already marriage has worked beneficial changes.

"The King is more relaxed now," said one friend. "Both of them seem more at ease with other members of the Royal family and with friends. They are naturally shy people, but they're coming out of it."

Said another: "They seem to like the same things. They

agree on everything. That makes it easier for Toni."

Liking the same things includes such enjoyments as go-karting, swimming, and playing with Hussein's five-year-old daughter, Princess Alia, who lives in the Queen Mother's palace on the other side of Amman.

Princess Alia is the only child of Hussein's first marriage to Princess Dina, a former lecturer at Cairo University.

Toni's parents, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Walter P. Gardiner, still occupy a small stone house in Amman. Gardiner remains a military adviser to the Jordan Army, but he and his wife take little part in Royal family affairs.

Western dress

Toni often accompanies the Queen Mother on official calls, and she and Hussein frequently give small, informal dinner parties, when guests include British and American friends.

In public Toni wears a white scarf over her chestnut-colored hair, as she did at her Moslem wedding ceremony. She wore a London-designed dress for the State reception.

Like other upper-class Jordanian women, she dresses in Western clothes instead of flowing black Moslem robes.

In her spare time Toni continues lessons in the Moslem faith and the Arabic language.

"She practises her Arabic on the servants," a palace official said, "and she's getting much better at it."

But so far Toni, who must have had to be punctual as a working girl, has failed to cure Hussein of his notorious lateness for public functions.

"It's worked the other way round," moaned a friend. "Now she's late, too."



ROYAL COUPLE, King Hussein and his wife, Muna al Hussein, formerly Antoinette Avril ("Toni") Gardiner, daughter of a British Army colonel in Jordan. They were married last May. His first marriage, to an Arab princess, ended in divorce.

King has three women in his life



MOTHER-IN-LAW (above), powerful Queen Mother Zein, who approves of Toni (right), with Hussein, holding the hand of Alia, child of his marriage to Princess Dina.



Flats with Appeal.

Style 329



Anytime

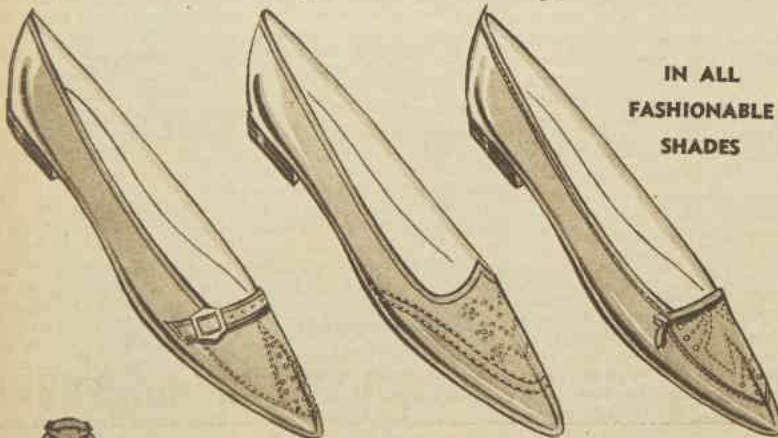
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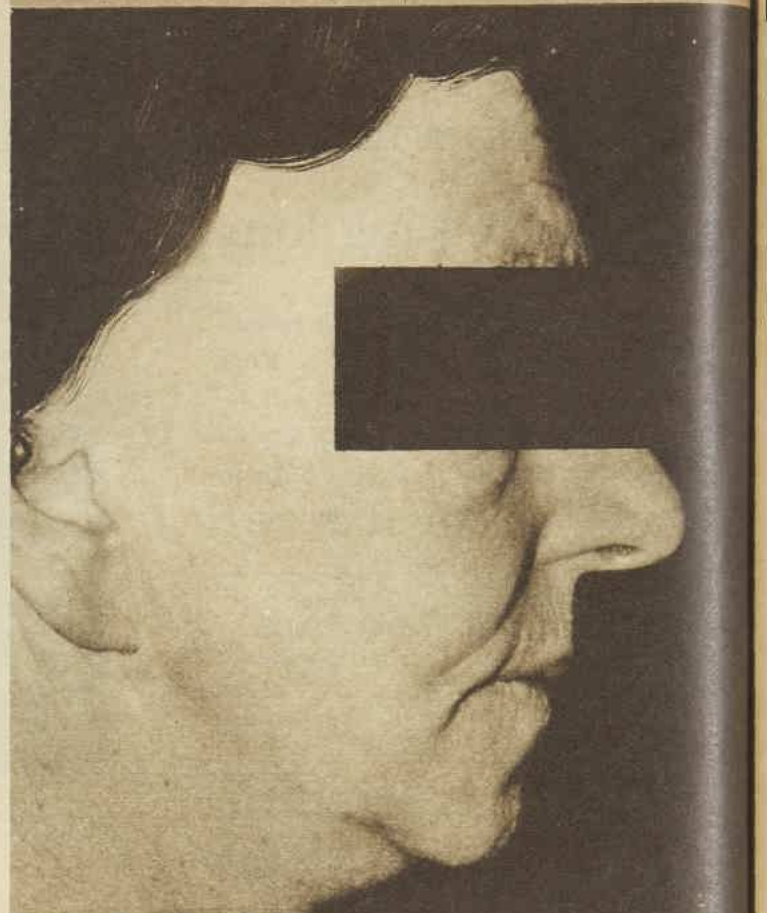
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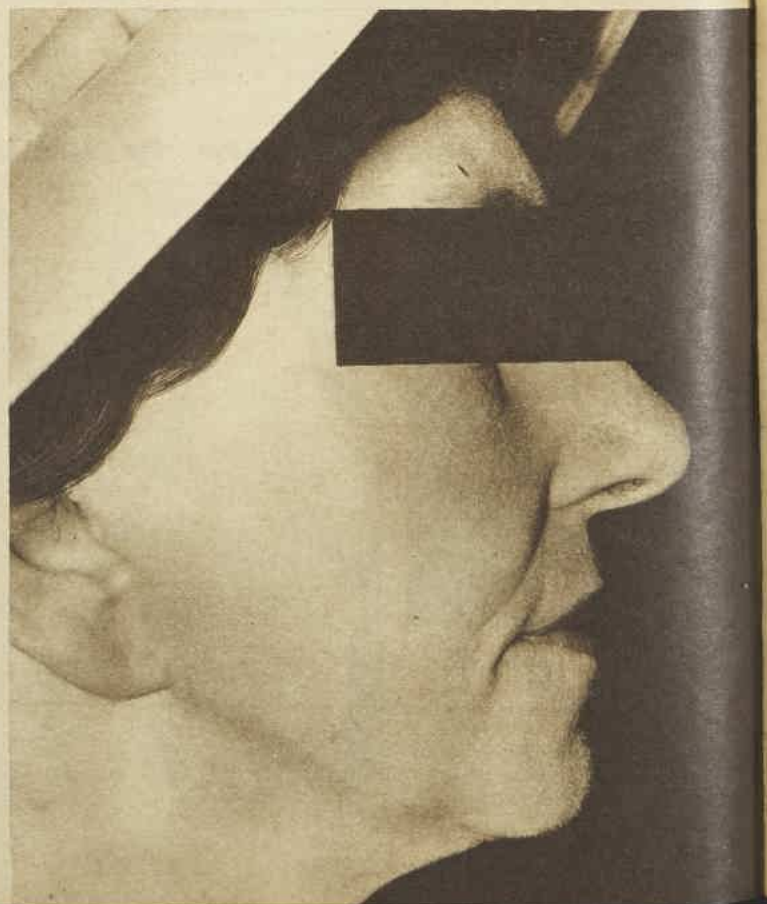
Plastic surgeon tells



BEFORE

AFTER

● These photographs, and those opposite, were taken of Mrs. X by a leading Sydney plastic surgeon as part of his routine records of a facelift operation. Picture above was shortly before the operation; below, less than a fortnight later.



of the ten-years-younger look

Secrets of a facelift

● The middle-aged woman serving drinks in a Sydney club accepted gratefully the compliments from three male members . . . "My word, your holiday's done you good . . . You look ten years younger."

THEY didn't notice the wink she exchanged with another member sitting nearby. Only he and she knew that the "holiday" had been a two-weeks' spell in hospital after a facelift operation.

I talked to this man, one of Sydney's leading plastic surgeons, about the ever-increasing interest in cosmetic surgery—some surgeons prefer to call it corrective surgery.

My conclusion is that such surgery is more common than most people would suppose, because the present techniques make nose-bobbing and facelifting operations — to name the two most common — practically undetectable.

"You'd be surprised the lengths women will go to avoid telling their friends they're having a facelift," said the surgeon.

"The most common excuse is that they have to have a mastoid operation, and then they disappear for a week or two to 'recuperate.'"

"Some even think they can get away with not telling their husbands. A sound basis of understanding between the husband and the wife about the proposed operation should be insisted upon."

How many years can a good plastic surgeon expect to take off a woman's face?

Real ages

That depends, the surgeon told me, on the age of the woman. The older she is the younger she can expect to look at the end of the operation.

"One can take up to 20 years off the apparent age of a woman's face if she is over 50. It should be possible, for instance, to make a 65-year-old look 45. But, of course, you couldn't make a 45-year-old look 25," he said.

Nevertheless, a 45-year-old can expect to look 35 after a successful facelift.

"One would like prospective patients to tell their real ages," he went on. "It's amazing the number who take five or ten years off. But unless the truth is told, one cannot forecast accurately just how many years

one can expect to take off their apparent age."

Before women decide to undergo the operation they all want to know just what happens.

First, for his own protection as well as for his medical records and the patient's subsequent comparison, most doctors have color pictures taken of the patient's face before (and later after) operating.

In a straightforward facelift a skin incision is made inside the hairline, down the margin of the ear, and up behind the ear to the back hairline. Some skin is lifted off the face and jawline and pulled up

By
WINIFRED MUNDAY

over the underlying flesh until a flap of the freed skin (usually about an inch wide) has been pulled up to the ear on each side.

It is then fixed in two places — at the top and behind the ear — with the finest strong stitches, and the surplus skin is removed.

The surplus eyelid skin — so called "bags under the eyes" — is removed separately.

At the end of three months there is little or no trace of a scar in a complete facelift.

But long before this — in fact, at the end of a fortnight — it would need a close examination to know that an operation had been done.

One unfounded fear about facelifting is that it gives the face a mask-like expression. The surgeon says, however, that it is not possible to pull the skin tight enough for this to happen.

The operation, which can be done under local or general anaesthetic, is painless, and there is little pain afterwards — just a feeling of tightness due to a temporary swelling. This tightness disappears as the scars heal.

Stitches come out within a week, and the patient is fit then to go home, though some prefer to stay longer simply to hide from the curious eyes of family or friends, or to help them keep the secret altogether.

Friends and relations who see the eventual result never dream that a facelift has been

done—unless they are in the secret. They notice a change, but can seldom exactly put their finger on what it is.

They notice that the patient's expression is younger and there is an indefinable improvement in the skin's texture, which most of them put down to the effects of a good holiday or a "good rest."

How long a facelift lasts depends on the kind of life the patient goes back to.

If she feels happier, and is not beset with worries every day, then it could be ten years before she might feel the need for another one. In the majority of cases it can be anticipated that it will last satisfactorily for a minimum of five years.

Even at the end of this time there will be no sudden dramatic ageing. The process will continue to be gradual. But the surgeon stresses that no doctor, however skilful, can permanently stop the natural ageing process.

Nose reshaping has become more popular with the advent of television. Entertainers, from teenage pop singers upwards, consult the surgeon to have their noses bobbed "so they'll look better before a TV camera."

Charges vary

Less popular than it used to be ("Could be the influence of Sabrina or Marilyn Monroe," laughed the surgeon) is bust reduction. Nevertheless, there are women—often mothers of several children—who want the operation done.

There are certain risks to such an operation, which may take three hours to complete, but—to explode another myth—this operation does not predispose the patient to breast cancer.

Charges for these operations vary, but this scale can be considered average:

- Nose reconstruction, 80gns. to 100gns.
- Facelift, 120gns. to 160gns.
- Breast reduction, 200gns.

These do not include anaesthetic or hospital fees.

Accredited plastic surgeons in Australia and New Zealand belong to a plastic surgery section of the Australian College of Surgeons.



● Mrs. X recalls: "I had railway tracks across my forehead; deep lines round the mouth; my neck and cheeks had fallen in." More before-and-after pictures.

"MY facelift gave me back the will to live. You'll understand that this is no exaggeration when I tell you that two years ago, at the age of 58, with my marriage in ruins, I was facing a hopeless future."

"I was tired out from working 16 or 17 hours a day in a business with a husband who no longer wanted me. It hurts very much when your husband tells you that you look an 'old hag.'"

This was the frank answer of a 60-year-old patient of a Sydney plastic surgeon when I asked why she'd had her face lifted. I'll call her Mrs. X.

"I knew in 1950 that my marriage was over," she said, "and for the next few years life was a nightmare. I wouldn't go anywhere, do anything. I didn't even want to look in the mirror."

"I felt I had nothing to live for, and I honestly thought several times that it wasn't worth going on."

"I know my friends thought I was beginning to get—

well, to put it politely—odd, and my state of mind just made me look older than ever. I had railway tracks across my forehead; deep lines round the mouth; my neck and cheeks had fallen in."

"I remembered then that I'd known a woman years ago who had had her face lifted also."

"When I had saved the money I went to see the surgeon. I cried in his surgery—partly from fright and partly from despair that he could do anything for me."

"I had tried several times to get jobs and always got the same reply: 'We realise you are capable, but we had someone a little younger in mind.'"

"By the time I decided to have the facelift I was 58. Except for my brunette hair I looked 80."

"When I awoke from the operation, which I understand took about four hours, I had no actual sensation of pain. Just an uncomfortable feeling of tightness and a prickly feeling."

"I had expected much swelling and bruising when the bandages were removed. The swelling wasn't too bad, my skin had a yellowish discoloration, and my neck was a little bruised. Otherwise, I didn't look bad!"

"By the time I left hospital ten days later I looked 20 years younger."

"The railway tracks had gone from my forehead, skin had been removed from over my eyes, which had the

hooded look of age before the operation, and lines had gone from my mouth."

Now, two years later, Mrs. X still looks 10 to 15 years younger than her actual age. There is no mask-like appearance. There are no visible scars, and she wears very little make-up.

"I paid regular visits to the surgeon for three months after to make sure things were going along as they should," she said. "After that I took up the threads of my life."

"I cannot describe the difference in

myself, both physically and mentally, especially mentally. I took an interest in my appearance again and in clothes."

"As usually happens with facelifts, my friends noticed the change in me, but couldn't exactly say how I'd changed. If anyone guessed my secret she was not bold enough to ask."

"My husband and I had drifted too far apart over the years for things ever to be the same again. Instead, I went into business for myself."

"I constantly have to meet the public, and I can face people again without feeling self-conscious."

"I wish, though, that there was less secrecy about cosmetic surgery. There must be thousands of women like myself, who are either unhappily married or widowed, who still have to work to support themselves."

"Many of them could be in better jobs if their faces didn't give away their ages, and I'm sure many of them could be helped, as I've been helped, if the cobwebs were brushed away from the subject."

"I know that money may stop some women seeking advice, but I had to save for my operation, and I'm already saving in case some time in the future—maybe in a few years' time—I need another one."

"When the surgeon gave me a facelift, he gave me a new life, and for that I'm eternally grateful."

"IT GAVE ME A NEW LIFE"

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Diplomat becomes an actor



LEFT: Edwin Ride, in the role he will leave behind—a diplomat in the Administrative Building in Canberra.

RIGHT: With his wife, Josie, and their dog, Nikki, Edwin studies his part in "The Sentimental Bloke."

BELOW: Composer Albert Arlen and his wife, Nancye, who helped turn Edwin from a diplomat to an actor.



At 29, he leaves secure career in conservative Canberra to try his luck on stage.

THIS is the step 29-year-old diplomat Edwin Ride will take—almost overnight—when he plays The Bloke in J. C. Williamson's production of "The Sentimental Bloke," an Australian musical opening in Melbourne on November 4.

Actor and diplomat—two professions as different as chalk and cheese.

"But they're really not so far apart, you know," said Edwin. "Quite a few diplomats are interested in the theatre."

"They're actors in a way, playing a role most of the time. Then, too, like theatre folk, they move round a lot."

In Canberra, Edwin was a diplomatic officer with the Department of External Affairs, acting spare time in local repertory.

In a revue, "Ultior Motis," Albert and Nancye Arlen, authors of the musical version of "The Bloke," saw him and said: "There's our Bloke, we must have him."

The musical, based on the C. J. Dennis poems, was such a hit in Canberra and Edwin's interpretation of The Bloke so outstanding that J. C. Williamson decided this was the dinky-di Australian musical they'd been waiting for.

"When Williamson's asked me to play The Bloke I was stunned," said Edwin. "It was completely unexpected, and the decision to give up my diplomatic career was a tough one."

He took the problem home to his English-born wife, Josie. The Rides have been married for nearly four years and they're expecting their first baby in February.

"My first reaction was the same as Edwin's," Josie said. "I was amazed that Williamson's would offer a leading role to someone whose acting had been only a hobby."

"But I knew that Edwin was good, and it's wonderful that they have such confidence in him. So we decided to say yes."

I asked Josie how she felt about uprooting herself now that her baby is coming.

"I don't mind at all," she said. "Of course, the amount of travelling I'll do will depend on how well I am and on the baby's health."

"I'm terribly disappointed that I'm not allowed to go to Melbourne for the opening. But I'll certainly be in Sydney for the first night there."

In revue

Although this is the first role Edwin, who went to Scotch College, Melbourne, has had in professional theatre, he is no newcomer to acting.

"I did my Arts degree at Hongkong University," he said. "I played in revue and comedy there and loved it. Then when I went to Oxford to do my Master's degree I really began to act seriously."

After Oxford he returned to Australia to become a cadet in the diplomatic service.

He met Josie—who was working at the United Kingdom High Commission in Canberra—while they were in a repertory company.

"I was posted to New Delhi, so we got married, had a wonderful honeymoon in Hongkong, where my parents are living, and went to India."

I asked Edwin if acting ran in his family.

"Well, sort of," he said with

a smile. "My father was a university professor, and two of my ancestors were ministers, so we've all been spouting about one thing or another."

This is a year of change and excitement for Edwin and Josie Ride. It's also THE year for Albert and Nancye Arlen.

Albert Arlen began writing his script from the Dennis poems in 1950, working with his wife, Australian actress-singer Nancye Brown, and several writers.

Last March, after years of trying to find a producer here and in London, and spending most of their savings, the Arlens staged the show themselves in Canberra.

At the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, composer-playwright Albert, who has had a Public Service job in Canberra, will be playing the piano and conducting the orchestra for "The Bloke."

Across the street, at Her Majesty's, Nancye will be Widow Corney in "Oliver," the musical based on Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist."

Albert said: "Since we've been living in Canberra Nancye had virtually given up the idea of going back to the stage, except in amateur productions."

"Then, when Williamson's came to see us about 'The Sentimental Bloke,' Nancye asked, just as a joke: 'Couldn't I have just a little part in it, so I can be near Albert?'"

"They told her they had other plans for her—as Widow Corney in 'Oliver.'"

"Edwin and I are leaving our jobs—this is my third resignation over 'The Bloke'—and going to Melbourne early in October."

—PATRICIA KENT

● Beginning next week

New Remarque novel: a haunting love-story

● A superb love-story by Erich Maria Remarque—one of the world's best-selling authors—begins as a five-part serial in our next issue.

THE novel, "Heaven Has No Favorites," appears ahead of book publication in Australia.

The film rights of the novel have been sold.

Laurence Harvey—star of "Butterfield 8" and "Room At The Top"—has been signed to play the hero Clerfayt, a racing-car driver.

Audrey Hepburn will probably play the tragic Lillian.

Written in Remarque's villa in Ticino, Switzerland, sometimes on the balcony overlooking Lake Maggiore, "Heaven Has No Favorites" is set in the immediate post-war period. It is the story of Clerfayt and the girl he meets in a Swiss sanatorium.

Like other men of his peril-

ous profession, he knows he invites death each day.

Lillian lives with death, too. She is incurably ill with tuberculosis.

But she sees in Clerfayt the chance to have a few months of intensive life before she dies. When he visits the sanatorium, she asks him to take her with him.

They travel through Europe—from Paris in summer to the excitement and danger of the car races in Sicily, to Rome, to Venice, and finally to the last act in Monte Carlo.

In 1927 handsome, German-born Remarque wrote "All Quiet On The Western Front," a literary sensation of the early 'thirties and still a best-seller.

He wrote it in five weeks, his heart and mind blazing with the memories of World

War I, when, aged 16, he served in the German Army.

Remarque's other famous books include "The Three Comrades," "The Road Back," "Arch of Triumph," "A Time to Love and a Time to Die."

Remarque and his wife, actress Paulette Goddard (she has been married to Charles Chaplin and Burgess Meredith), have lived in Switzerland for four years.

She is now more interested in sharing the life of her distinguished husband than in her career.

"We get along well together," she says. "He is sedentary and I'm gregarious, but it works out well."

"And he's not like other authors, because he never minds being interrupted. That's why it took him two years to write this new novel."

In spite of his knowledge of other languages, Remarque still writes in German and his books are translated.

At the moment, Remarque himself is not too happy.

He said: "I've had an accident, and one of my paintings worth a million Swiss francs has not come back from an exhibition in France."

He suffered concussion when he fell into a 10ft. pit left by workers building a new terrace at his villa.

His painting is a Cezanne landscape, which he lent to the ill-starred Cezanne Exhibition at Aix-En-Provence, from which eight canvases were stolen.

Instead of returning it on schedule the exhibitors have kept it on display.



AUTHOR Erich Maria Remarque and his wife, Paulette Goddard, on the balcony of their villa in Ticino, overlooking Lake Maggiore, Switzerland.



● The Rothwells' truck journey took them at first through miles of mulga on a barely marked track, in temperatures ranging up to 120 degrees. "Food was nauseating other than tinned fruit — almost boiling — and the water was too hot to pour on our faces," says Mrs. Rothwell. Now, however, all visitors are able to travel to the district by air.

Back of Alice, a new



● Later the Rothwells drove through this region of vermillion crescent-shaped sand-drifts, which all follow the direction of the prevailing wind. The truck was kept in low gear and "allowed to drive itself"; any acceleration would have driven it into the sand.

A TEN-BEDROOM guest ranch with mod. cons. has been built in a fascinating region now being opened up for tourists in harsh but lovely Central Australia.

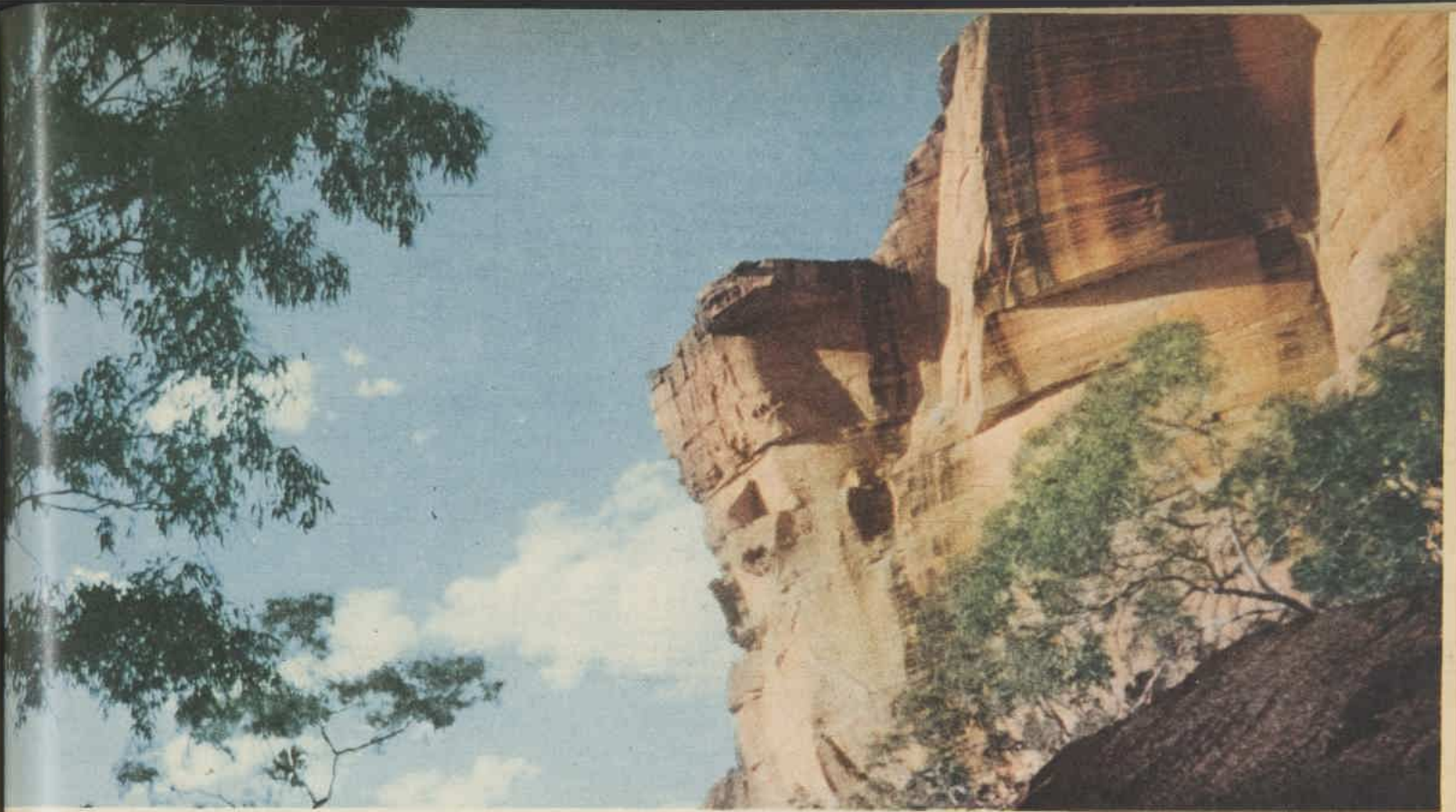
It is Wallahra Ranch, lying between the Finke River and the Valley of the Kings.

The ranch is served by a district airfield, but Mr. and Mrs. Vivien Rothwell, of Alice Springs, 250 miles away, made the difficult overland journey there by truck, and Mrs. Rothwell took these color pictures on the way.

At Angas Downs station they talked of old times with the owner, Arthur Liddle, whose father, Bill, pioneered the district early in the century. Menaced by aborigines, he lived in a hut in King's Canyon, and later fled to a nearby cave decorated with aboriginal ceremonial paintings. Eventually he settled at Angas Downs.

It was to Bill Liddle that Lasseter—of "lost reef" fame—sent his last message for help during his ill-fated search for gold, a message which was delivered too late. The bearer of the message found the body of a native girl hanging by the hand from a tree where she had slipped while gathering eggs from a bird's nest. He took it as an evil omen, and bolted.

Now Bill's son leases Wallahra to Jack Cotterill, who has built the tourist ranch. And Jack sends a four-wheel-drive bus to Angas Downs airfield (it was the airfield filmed in "A Town Like Alice") to bring visitors to the ranch and take them on trips to King's Canyon.

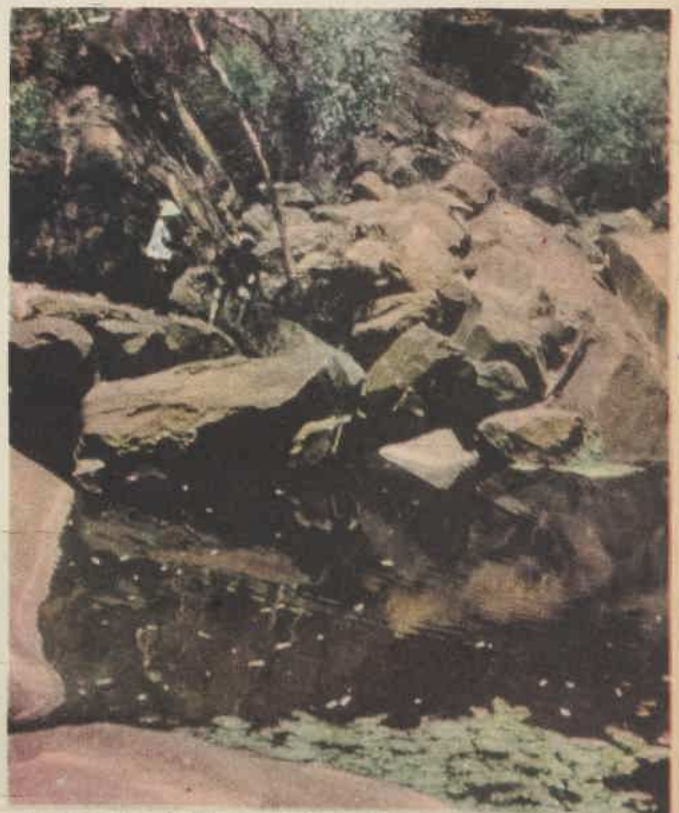


playground



From a map sketched by Mrs. Rothwell.

● They came at last to King's Canyon, gouged deep into a desert of sandstone. Here still, in the cool tangle of ghost gums and wattles, are the stockyard and slab hut built by pioneer Bill Liddle, and the cave he moved into when he was being threatened by a native tribe.



● A cooling interlude (left) had been a swim at Running Waters, an anabranch of the Finke River — "sharing the water with fish, pelicans, and ducks." And at the end of the journey the Rothwells drank from Reedy's Waterhole (above).



problem:

Want to slim
but
hate to diet?

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barrassment of eczema and un-
sightly skin complaints. DOAN'S
OINTMENT can help you—it
goes to work on skin troubles in
three wonderful ways. DOAN'S
OINTMENT relieves the pain and
itch. It protects tender and in-
flamed skin. It combats infec-
tion. No more ugly blotches and
pimples, no more itching or
irritation. Never scratch itching
skin. Apply DOAN'S OINTMENT
for safe, soothing relief. From
chemists and stores.

£300 in PRIZES

● You have a number of chances to
win a prize in our Crozzle, which is a
puzzle within a crossword. The prizes:

£100 for top score. (In the event of a
tie for top score, the £100 will be divided
among the tied entrants after elimination
according to condition 5.)

£200 divided evenly among all entries
with the next four highest scores and any
tied entry eliminated from the top score.
(Condition 5 also applies.)

Send as many entries as you like, provided each is
filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper.
So if you have sent in two or more entries which are
among those sharing the prizemoney, they'll win two
or more shares. These entries can be identical.

CLOSING DATE for Crozzle No. 11: Sept. 27.

HOW TO DO IT: With each puzzle a
blank crossword grid
is published and a list of words relating to one sub-
ject. This week it's the theatre.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid,
using any of the words in the list. Remember, you
may use only the words supplied, and you may use
them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember,
too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase
your score. When you have completed the
CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a cross-
word. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern
or be symmetrical. But words along the same line,
whether across or down, must be separated by a
black square except where their letters interlock.

(Prizewinning Crozzle at the bottom of this page
is a useful guide.)

CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 11 must be
received by September 27 and should be addressed:
"CROZZLE No. 11," THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut
from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters
cannot be accepted.

3. No words other than those in the list provided
may be used. Entries containing any other words
or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words
in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown
will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the
highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded
as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries
will share the prizemoney.

6. This contest is governed by the rules published
in our issue of August 2.

CROZZLE NO. 6 WINNERS

FIVE entries, scoring 401 points, tied for first place.
They each win £20. They are:

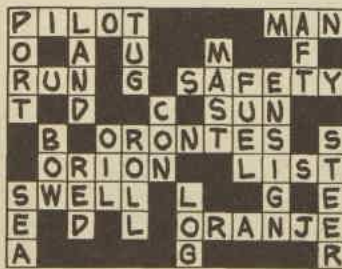
Mrs. V. E. Larkin, 29 Vincent Rd., Wangaratta, Vic. (2
shares); Mr. P. A. Larkin, same address; Mrs. J. Baylis, 156
Laffer St., Mangawarry, S.A.; Mrs. Betty Edwards, 8 Ligar
St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

Thirty-eight entries share the £200 second prize and
thus win £5/5/6 each. They are:

Mrs. Rona Collins, 102 Kent St., Epping, N.S.W. (5 shares);
Mrs. A. W. Back, Old Dubbo Rd., Dubbo, N.S.W. (2 shares);
Mrs. A. W. Back, same address (2); Mrs. P. Valentine, 61
Charlotte St., Camperdown, N.S.W. (2); J. Bradley, Wilfred St.,
Lota, Brisbane (2); Mrs. R. Bradbury, 26 Fordham St., Mount
Stuart, Hobart (2); Mrs. A. P. Cutler, 207 Rusden St.,
Armidale, N.S.W. (2).

One share each: Mrs. Una Cattell, 33 Mt. View Ave., Nth.
Woolongong, N.S.W.; Mrs. O. Hunt, Box 147, Tamundia, S.A.;
Mrs. J. Shaw, 761 High St., Rd. Glen Waverley, Vic.;
Mrs. D. Riordan, Clarke River P.O., via Ingham, Qld.; A.
Horlock, Wilfred St., Lota, Brisbane; E. Trevelyan, 8 Lloyd
George St., Ipswich, Qld.; E. Bradley, Wilfred St., Lota, Bris-
bane; Mrs. J. M. Weekes, 24 Ethel St., Hornsby, N.S.W.;
Mrs. T. M. Keenan, 14 Corinth St., Howrah, Tas.; Mr. G.
Breaker, 9 Cowandilla Rd., Cowandilla, S.A.; Mrs. J. E.
Summerfield, Nth. Dandalup, W.A.; Peter Death, 31 Burton
St., Blayney, N.S.W.; T. Fegent, 16 Wishart St., Port Fairy,
Vic.; Mrs. L. Lotterton, 22 Kerry Rd., Blacktown, N.S.W.;
Mr. P. Boltres, 9 Morris Ave., Mayfield West, N.S.W.; Mrs.
D. E. Macleod, 76 Kareena Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.; Mrs. B. M.
Carmody, High St., Wallumbilla, Qld.; Mrs. S. Smater, 12a
Chaplin Ave., Cairns, Qld.; Mrs. D. M. Roughsedge,
Wongah P.O., Vic.; Mr. Alexander S. Komives, 1071 Nepean
Highway, Moorabbin, Vic.

Below is a prizewinning entry by Mrs. V. E. Larkin, of
Wangaratta, Vic. (redrawn by our artist for more satis-
factory reproduction).



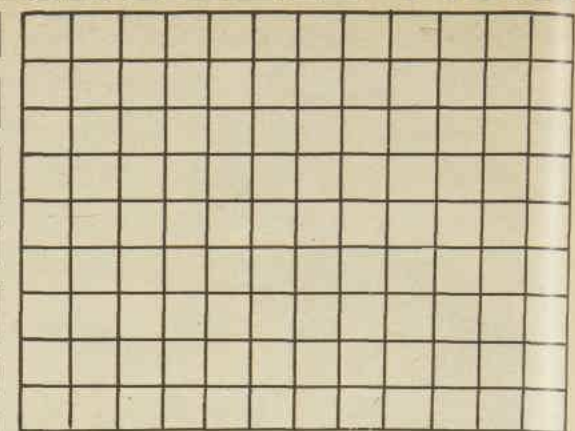
18, 19, 12, 12, 21, 9, 6, 13, 11, 16, 7, 17

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 151

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 250

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 401

CROZZLE No.11



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

SCORING: For every word used in your crossword there is a
score of 10 points. You score extra points for each
interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters
are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and
another word going down.

The prizewinning CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your
scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to
points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided
on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total
clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters.	3-point letters.	6-point letters.	12-point letters.
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word list for Crozzle No. 11

3 LETTERS

Act
Art
Box
Dim
End
Gag
Hit
Ice
Pit
Pun
Wit

Clown

Dance
Decor
Drama
Farce
Foyer
Lines
Magic
Mimic
Music
Opera
Paint
Revue
Scene
Seats
Songs
Sound
Staff
Stage
Torch
Trick
Usher

Finale

Lounge
Office
Parody
Prompt
Puppet
Review
Satire
Script
Stalls
Sweets
Ticket
Tights
Tinsel

8 LETTERS

Applause
Audience
Audition
Backdrop
Business
Director
Entrance
Interval
Laughter
Operetta
Overture
Producer
Property
Rehearse
Souvenir
Thespian

4 LETTERS

Bill
Cast
Clap
Exit
Flop
Gala
Gods
Hero
Lead
Mime
Play
Show
Sing
Skit
Solo
Spot
Star
Wand

7 LETTERS

Actress
Company
Concert
Curtain
Fantasy
Gallery
Heroine
Manager
Matinee
Ovation
Perform
Players
Program
Revival
Scenery
Showman
Success
Tableau
Theatre
Tragedy
Variety

6 LETTERS

Artist
Author
Ballet
Boards
Career
Chorus
Circle
Colour
Comedy
Critic
Design
Encore
Exeunt

9 LETTERS

Amusement
Backstage
Entertain
Footlight
Melodrama
Orchestra
Pantomime
Rehearsal
Repertory

10 LETTERS

Legitimate
Playwright
Production
Proscenium
Repertoire
Vaudeville

11 LETTERS

Reservation



FULL-GROWN Short-tailed Shearwater (the mutton bird of commerce). Up to 500,000 young birds are taken yearly in Bass Strait for selling to the public, but flocks remain large.

YOUNG bird (right). The parents migrate two weeks before the fat fledglings are due to leave the nest. The fat is consumed as they grow feathers.



NESTING PLACE, or burrow, of the Short-tailed Shearwater. When the fledglings are ready, they leave the nest and, quite unguided, follow the migration path taken by the parent birds.

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

Pictures by Mr. R. P. Cooper, Surrey Hills, Vic.

● The birds pictured here, the Short-tailed Shearwater and the Little or Fairy Penguin, both nest in colonies on southern islands or headlands. They are seen in Bass Strait and elsewhere, and their colonies often adjoin. But where the Fairy Penguins occur only as far north as N.S.W., the Short-tailed Shearwaters seasonally migrate north, up along the east coast of Asia, Japan, across the Bering Sea to Alaska, down the Canadian coast to U.S.A., then across the Pacific to New Zealand and back to Bass Strait again. The birds are absent for about eight months.

A tourist attraction on Phillip Is. (Vic.) is the nightly parade of Fairy Penguins as they assemble at water's edge, then march across the beach and up the hillside to their nests.

A coupon to order our picture-book "Australian Nature" is on page 32



UNCAINLY on land, but a wonderful swimmer, the Little or Fairy Penguin is the only penguin which regularly frequents the Australian coastline.

FAIRY PENGUIN'S nesting burrow is built under tussocks or between rocks. Steep hillsides are climbed by using beak, wings, and feet.



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Brown the Rice-A-Riso in butter—a matter of a minute.



Remove from heat and stir in the special spice mix.



Add boiling water, stirring gently to mix ingredients.



Cover and simmer—serve triumphantly! It's so easy!



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blissful
comfort
for
tired
aching
legs

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New Zealand	£2/6/6	£5/13/-
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1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
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3. Comb Curlypet quickset through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET AT ANY PRICE!

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sets
for
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So — Quickset with Curlypet!

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for
all letters published. Let-
ters must be original, not
previously published.
Preference is given to
letters with signatures.

Cat rescued a bird

MY daughter has two pets—Sandy the cat and a budgie. Sandy is a terror for catching birds and seems to keep a hopeful eye on budgie in his cage. Recently budgie escaped and flew into a neighbor's garden. My daughter was horrified to see Sandy crossing the lawn a few minutes later with budgie in his mouth. But when he reached the house he dropped the bird at her feet—unharmful! We now call Sandy "Saint Puss."

£1/1/- to "Sandy" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Younger ones need homework

IF children in primary grades were set regular homework, the parents' co-operation and interest in their work could help train these children in the study habit at an early age. This early concentration would prove an invaluable benefit when they come to secondary education and have to cope with much more study.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bourne, Blackwood, S.A.

Accident busybodies

IT'S surprising the number of people who gather round the scene of an accident to satisfy their curiosity. An injured person does not wish to be stared at, so unless a passer-by can assist in any way he should move on. Viewers just serve to hamper ambulancemen.

£1/1/- to "Indignant" (name supplied), Wynnum North, Qld.

TV influence on children

AT lunch recently my young son deliberately broke a plate. He was very impudent, and when asked the reason for his action he replied, "Denis the Menace does it!" This type of misbehaviour by television stars is a bad influence on young viewers. Could it have any lasting effect on a child?

£1/1/- to "Perplexed Mother of Six" (name supplied), Beaumont, S.A.

Neurotics in the theatre

I WONDER why so many modern films and plays feature neurotics suffering from sundry complexes. When I go to the theatre it's to relax—not to be confronted by somebody's nervous breakdown. Gone are the days when a night out meant enjoying a light comedy romance.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Jamieson, Camp Hill, Qld.

Grannies in abundance

DO many children share the experience of our family in having six grandmothers? My mother, her mother, and my father's mother, my husband's mother, her mother, and his father's mother are all living.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Daniel, Kaban, Qld.

Mark-down or mark-up?

A WAY should be found to prevent shopkeepers from misleading customers during sales time. I have just bought a skirt, which was featured in the window of a reputable store with a large "Sale £7" notice, the original £8-odd on the price ticket crossed out. When I got home I discovered a pencilled £6-odd—partly rubbed out—beneath the price I paid. So instead of saving I was, in fact, overcharged. This technique seems dishonest.

£1/1/- to "Indignant" (name supplied), St. Leonards, N.S.W.

Rolling babies

NO, "Grandma" (S.A.), your granddaughter who rolls instead of crawls at nine months is not unusual. My daughter has been rolling since she was five months and at eight months shows no sign of wanting to crawl. If she wants something on the floor out of reach, she twists around on her tummy until in direct line with it—then over she goes until she reaches it.

£1/1/- to "Rollo" (name supplied), Lenah Valley, Tas.

MY grandson used to roll from room to room, or all over the lawn, before he crawled at 11 months. He thought it great fun when he got a clear go, but became furious if he bumped against an object.

£1/1/- to "Another Grandmother" (name supplied), Como, W.A.

IT was fascinating watching our rolling son negotiate a corner. He would align himself at right-angles to the direction he had been travelling, then set off once more.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Nancarrow, Chewton, Vic.

MY son rolled until he was 17 months. He thought he was quite clever.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. H. Baker, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

BEFORE she began crawling at 10 months, my elder daughter shunted about on her seat, using only her heels to push. My second daughter, now 10 months, rolls—laughing happily when she finds herself under a chair or cupboard.

£1/1/- to "Slow Starters" (name supplied), Canberra, A.C.T.

Ross Campbell writes...

HER hairdresser said lately of the nice new Duchess of Kent: "She dresses simply—she is not the hat-and-gloves type of girl."

When I read the remark it gave me a slight jolt. It was not that I thought the Duchess was a hat-and-gloves type of girl, but in the dim way of mankind I had never noticed that a special type of girl wore hats and gloves.

I can see now that the hat-and-gloves girl is the kind who likes to dress up a bit; she has a touch of formality about her.

They used to be quite plentiful when I was a young man. I remember pursuing one or two hat-and-glove girls, though I rarely got on sufficiently informal terms for them to take off their hats.

What has happened to the hat-and-gloves girl? She is getting rarer every year, like the Lesser Bird of Paradise.

I am not talking about hat-and-gloves women, who are still numerous. You see them in town shopping

GLOVELORN

every day, looking at pyjamas for their husbands and sons.

But young girls, or many of them, have taken a set against hats, if not so much against gloves. It is a great worry to the hat-makers. I daresay they were very upset to hear that



the Duchess of Kent is not a hat-and-gloves girl.

Why don't girls wear hats?

Some say it is because they want to look casual. Others say it is because they don't want to hide or squash their fancy hairdos—which is the opposite of being casual.

I suppose if a girl has spent three pounds on a new hairstyle she likes everyone to see it. But it works the other way, too. If her hair is not looking its best, she can keep it under her hat.

It is time more encouragement was given to hat-and-gloves girls. We don't want them to become extinct, like veil girls. I speak as a hat man (though not a gloves man). I enjoy the warmth of a hat in winter, and sheltering in the shade of one in summer.

The hat-and-gloves girl has a charm of her own. Look at Princess Alexandra—a stunning hat-and-gloves girl if ever I saw one. She must have done a lot to raise the spirits of the hat folk.

You have to observe certain rules in the company of a hat-and-gloves girl, of course. You must wear a hat. You must pick up her gloves. You must not bump her hat, or she will be angry.

But it is surely worth the trouble. Oh, what fun to be a young man, hand-in-glove with a hat-and-gloves girl!

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Invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast



All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp nut-sweet, appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK — Nature's way of keeping you fit, and regular. That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast — for this is the way "Mother Nature" would keep you regular if you let her . . . keep you free from that head-achey feeling. No harsh purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

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With so many modern foods overcooked and over-processed, it is necessary for you to eat at least *one* food every day you *know* is rich in "bulk". That one is All-Bran — made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.

In addition to giving you vital "bulk" All-Bran is a *health* food in the best sense of the word. All-Bran contains: Vitamin B₁, Vitamin B₂, Niacin, Food Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

See why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food — instead of harsh purgatives which can only drain your energy and vitality away?

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

BEGIN THIS PLEASANT TEST TOMORROW

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you could be wise to see your doctor. However, if after making this test, you're not completely satisfied, Kellogg's will gladly send *double* your money back if you return the packet.

"No more purgatives for me . . ." says Mrs. Christensen of Parramatta, N.S.W. " . . . I tried All-Bran and within a very short time All-Bran cured my constipation and I haven't been troubled by it since."



K829

Worth Reporting

STUCCO houses that slip away in the night to reappear next morning three miles down the road. Housewives who identify front-door callers by listening to the kitchen wall.

Spooky? No, it's commonplace on the U.S. "assembly-line" home-building scene.

Putting us in the picture— attractive, brunette, home-builder Mrs. Laurel Seward, who's taking time off from "running up" 134 "average middle-class-group homes" in Los Angeles to visit relatives in Sydney.

Former Australian-U.S. war bride (nee Laurel Martin, Merrylands, N.S.W.), Laurel is company secretary for a building corporation formed recently by herself, her marine engineer husband, Melvin, and a Los Angeles businessman, Mr. Manuel Lewis.

Twenty-five of their houses are up and sold and, she says, "that's in five months—including clearing, bulldozing, road-laying of the Long Beach Harbor estate, and moving about a dozen old-fashioned stuccos three miles away."

The stuccos are lifted off their foundations by gigantic jacks and slid across on to the backs of huge trailers. At night they're taken through the streets to their new site—"and in the morning," says Mrs. Seward, "we let them to eager tenants."

Her 134 three-bedroom homes come in four designs—incorporating, as standard "musts" for the U.S. middle-income, the following:

- Forced-air equipment in the roof (warm in winter, cool in summer).
- Two bathrooms.
- Up to 12 double electric points plus garbage-disposal unit in kitchen.
- Double garage, and intercom telephone system, through which the family can communicate with each other or listen to piped radio music.



MRS. LAUREL SEWARD . . . homebuilder.

Fast dye in your washer

WE'RE dying to try it—a new dye pack that sets color fast in the washing-machine.

The miracle, wrought in Queensland — tough tropical testing centre for Australian-made dyes—comes on the market in a few weeks.

No more Dante's Inferno of boiling cauldrons, potsticks, and brute strength in trying to "keep article (say, a small double bedspread) turning continuously in boiling water for one hour."

Just put the dye and anything looking a little wan or peaked into the washing-machine — not wool or glass fibres, though — and within minutes you have colorful "newies" that not even your worst friends can identify. A little detergent removes dye from washer.

U.S. housewives have had things this easy for 12 months, but the Queensland product is superior. The manufacturers have it in writing from a leading world chemical firm that has tested both.

★ ★ ★
ADLAI STEVENSON'S definition of a politician — as quoted by Mr. Justice Sholl at a Victorian English-speaking Union lunch: "A man who approaches any question with a completely open mouth."

BRITISH producer Irma Foxwell, filming best-seller "Tiare Tahiti" in Tahiti, complains that the recent U.S. remake of "Mutiny on the Bounty" has ruined local economy. "The natives have had so much to do for the cameras this year, they simply will not work more than a day at a time."

Breaking the bank freeze . . .

A HOUSEWIFE-FRIEND with such a Big City Bank complex that she deems it a miracle the teller continues to keep her miserable account got a shock when the Commonwealth Trading Bank, Sydney, rang her.

Had her "autograph" bounced? Was she "in the red"?

Neither. It was in-banking-for-27-years Brian Treloar, of Blakehurst, merely being helpful in his newly created capacity as the C.T.B.'s official Business Liaison Officer.

Was there any small service he could render the C.T.B.'s "old-established and valued customer"? Any business advice he could give? Any difficulty he could smooth out? Was there anything he could do to place her relations with C.T.B. on a more personal basis?

Restraining the impulse "Yes, a £1000 overdraft, please," our friend was immensely bucked.

The service, recently instituted by the bank, is especially appreciated by women, Brian says. Widows and those who suddenly find themselves forced to handle the family banking business are particularly grateful.

Apart from "being available" on the banking floor, Brian is busily contacting by phone, personal call, or letter all of the bank's "valued and esteemed customers" — and he has only just got started.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"Cobba-Cobba"

Francy de Grys (Rigby), 27/6.

When the Perth-born author and her husband, Jan, a Dutchman, went to the La Grange Native Depot in northern Western Australia as trained nurse and superintendent, they found two native camps—the depot camp, consisting of natives whose tribe had always been in the district, and "the other lot," who had been moved there in 1948.

As one who cured their ills, exhorted them to work, nagged them to cleanliness, taught school to the children, and generally shared their lives, Mrs. de Grys came to a close and sympathetic understanding of the natives. Through a haphazard collection of anecdotes and incidents, she has, in this book, brought her "blackfulla friends of the Nor'-west" to life with wit and feeling, and by an engaging record of their quaint conversation. Breami Jack was the old man who fought to keep the Blackfulla Law alive, especially the initiation rites and corroboree, or Cobba-Cobba, as it is called there.

Silly Nellie would do anything to get attention. There was dear old Ben, whose devoted wife nursed him faithfully until he died; delicious baby twins Nummer-Wun and Nummer-Two; but above all, the young lads of the depot—the Boys. Francy de Grys' daughter Dorothy grew up with the Boys, who gave the little girl their love and friendship. She took her lessons with them, joined in their games and their mischief. She bossed them—and they let her, making her mother worry how she would adjust later to whitefulla world. Francy had three more children there, including twins.

Though at times the natives' unpredictability nearly drove the de Grys' crazy—whether they did a job or not depended on the mood—the couple grew to love their blackfulla friends. When they returned to the south, Francy overheard one of her twins talking to a small whitefulla friend, and what she said expressed what the whole family felt: "We did like La Grange; we did like the black people; and it was nice there. And you do so say 'thank you' to black people the same as to white people . . . So there, see!"

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

A VENETIAN glass jam-dish that once graced the Rev. Samuel Marsden's dining-table in the early days of the colony is among wedding presents to be treasured by Ian Luscombe-Newman and his bride, Anita Horton, who are being married at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, on September 20.

The dish is being handed on to Ian and Anita as a family heirloom from Ian's mother, Mrs. W. D. Wheeler, of "El Dorado," Dural, who can trace kinship links with the Marsden family.

Anita is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Horton, who will entertain at Pymble Golf Club after the ceremony.

She is wearing an ivory gown, and her bridesmaids, Lesley Bush, Bernice Merchant, and Mary Needham, will be frocked in gold.

Ian, the son of the late Mr. Hugh Luscombe-Newman, will be supported by his brother Malcolm, Robert Horton, and Robert Keeble.

PRETTY Mrs. Brian Martin has a furrowed brow when she's shopping—trying to translate pounds, shillings, and pence into dollars and cents—to feel she is getting value for her money, balancing her housekeeping budget. Before her recent marriage she was Kay Smyth, the daughter of Mrs. Ed. A. Smyth, of Rawlins, Wyoming, U.S.A. She and Brian met last year when Kay and her mother were returning home after a cruise here aboard the Monterey and Brian was holiday-bound for Fiji aboard the ship. They met again when he was in America in April, and he flew back there to claim Kay as his bride in August. Brian says what really puzzles Kay when she's shopping is our meat being only half the price it is in the States, yet vegetables and canned goods here seem to "cost the earth."

MR. and Mrs. Ian Taylor will welcome guests at a cocktail party at 57 York Street on September 11 in honor of visiting baronet Sir John Wedgwood. He's a great-great-grandson of the famous Josiah Wedgwood, who developed a special technique for turning pottery ware into fine china in the 18th century. Sir John, who is keen to do some skiing at Kosciuszko while he's in New South Wales, is a cousin of the late Hon. Camilla Wedgwood, the English historian and anthropologist and a one-time principal of the Women's College at Sydney University.

THE birthday cakes which will be a feature of the decor on the tables at the luncheon at the Metropole Hotel on September 6 to celebrate the 15th birthday of the American Women's Club will be white-iced sponges set off with red, white, and blue candles. It's an American custom to reserve fruit cakes for Christmas fare and have iced plain cakes at birthday and wedding celebrations. About a hundred guests will be welcomed by the president of the club, Mrs. Rush Clark.

RECENTLY married Ronald Trout and his bride, formerly Jann Bennetts, were so keen to settle in the attractive house they've bought overlooking Narrabeen Lakes at Collaroy Plateau that they spent only one of the three weeks they planned to have honeymooning at Hayman Island—and packed up for home. Jann, incidentally, is having her white velvet mink-trimmed wedding gown (which was worn with a white mink muff and a white mink coronet holding her veil in place) made into two evening frocks. She'll wear the overskirt and bodice, with its three-inch-wide white mink boat neckline, as a short evening dress. The white velvet foundation will become a strapless, full-length sheath.

THE Strathmore will be "home" for about three months for Mr. and Mrs. W. D. J. Dean and their attractive daughter Elizabeth when they set off for a world cruise in November. Elizabeth and her parents will have adjacent cabins with a connecting bathroom, and they'll just unpack their clothes and live aboard the ship on its travels to England and Continental ports, returning home via Hongkong, Japan, and the Philippines.

NATIONAL COSTUMES were a feature at the brilliant International Ball at the Trocadero. Pictured from left are Mr. Gunner Jeppesen, of Darling Point, and his partner, Miss Kiratan Stenderup, representing Denmark, 6ft. 4in. tall Mr. Jim Psaltis, who is living in Sydney from Greece, wore Greek national dress, and American Miss Nancy Grimes, of Point Piper, was the "Statue of Liberty" gown in filmy white chiffon.



JAPANESE GUESTS at the International Ball at the Trocadero had their table beautifully decorated with orchids and golden fans. From left, Mr. Masahisa Taguchi (partly obscured by the flowers) chatting with Miss Helen Gurd, of Chatswood, Mr. Kenzo Wada, who has just arrived in Sydney to take up appointment as Japanese Consul, and Miss Takako Kirikaye.



GUEST OF HONOR Mr. Jagmohan Mahajan chatting with Mrs. C. L. Puri (on the right) and Mlle Jacqueline Francois at cheery cocktail party given by Mrs. Puri and her husband, who is Trade Commissioner for India in Sydney, to farewell Mr. Mahajan before he left for Bagdad last week. The function was at the Puris' home at Double Bay.



JUST WED. Mr. Ross Curnow and his bride, formerly Miss Jill Woolcott (couple above), leaving St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, for a reception at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Woolcott, of Mosman. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Curnow, of Chatswood.

YOUTHFUL bridesmaid Jane Saunders farewelling Brigadier and Mrs. Timothy Cape, leaving for reception at the Macquarie Club after their wedding at St. Mary's Cathedral. The bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Robett, the daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. R. L. R. Robett, of Double Bay. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cape, of Darling Point.



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Coverfluid is available from Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading department stores and leading chemists within the Commonwealth.

Coverfluid . . . 13/9

She's French- and talented

By NAN MUSGROVE

• "Angel," a new domestic situation comedy, makes its debut on Channel 9 on Friday, September 8, at 7 p.m.

YOU may mourn "Bachelor Father" and handsome John Forsythe temporarily, but "Angel" is sure to win viewers' hearts and eyes quickly.

"Angel" is the name of the heroine of the show—a French girl (Annie Farge) married to an American architect (Marshall Thompson).

Week by week it tells the story of the trials and surges of Angel, transplanted from France to America and lost with life in the push-button world of her new American husband.

It sounds an old familiar recipe for a TV show, but the things make it different, give it charm.

The Angel, Annie Farge, really is French, she can act, and she really did marry an American, dancer-actor Dirk Ladders, in Paris, was transplanted to America to live, and did have trials.

Annie's acting ability is not in doubt—she's a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, France's famous dramatic school. When she graduated at 17, Annie's ability and talent had already won her the "Cinque de Paris" award, a highly coveted honor bestowed on the most promising personality in drama.

Annie is tiny—5ft. tall—weighs only 6st. 6lb., and is mistaken for a teenager. She has been married to her real American husband now for nearly two years, and they have a baby daughter, Lesley.

Annie's TV husband, Marshall Thompson, is tall and good-looking in a blunt kind of way. Viewers are sure to recognise him as soon as they see him. He has appeared in many TV films and M.G.M.

movies, although this is his first starring role.

I found a little news item about him that fascinated me and that surely should go down in movieland history—he was Elizabeth Taylor's first date. It was a real date, too, not one that was arranged for studio publicity.

They say women always remember their first date, but I'd be surprised if Miss Taylor, four husbands later and the acknowledged beauty queen of Hollywood, ever sighs reminiscently when she sees "Angel" on her TV screen.

Michael needs to relax

"FOUR CORNERS," A.B.C.-TV's new Saturday night session at 8.30 p.m., is a welcome relief for refugees from the South Seas adventures that rage on unabated on the other channels, but I found it a bit disappointing as a vehicle for Michael Charlton's talents.

Charlton has an extraordinarily nice TV manner.

He's a good all-rounder at every TV job going—interviewing, commentating, presenting, a master of ad lib. and filling in those awkward pauses that occasionally do occur in the best-designed telecast.

"Four Corners" was designed around the Charlton personality. I don't think it enhances it as much as it might. He doesn't look at home to me.

The show is well designed and well produced. It has four main segments—The World at Large; Art and Entertainment; The Local Scene, made up of interviews with people in the street; and a discussion.



Talented, petite French-born actress Annie Farge and Marshall Thompson, co-stars of Channel 9's new family comedy, "Angel."

I'd like to be saved from those telephone conversations between overseas correspondents and Charlton in the World at Large segment.

They sound like the amplified announcements of trains from Wynyard station at peak hours and, like them, hurt your ears and are unintelligible.

"Four Corners" is designed to have an "open end" like the famous David Susskind telecast in New York. An open end means that the session can disregard the clock and other shows programmed and go on indefinitely—if the subject is good enough.

In the second edition of "Four Corners" a discussion between three visiting Russian university students and three Australian ones with Charlton as chairman sounded on paper as if it might have an open end.

In fact, it developed into something infinitely dull and doubly frustrating, because it could have been so interesting.

The Australian students didn't seem to want to be in it much, and Charlton took over and plunged unbridled into the dreary business of the Russians' political views.

I would like to know why people ask every Russian visitor from schoolchild to ambassador about his political views.

If there is one thing we know about it is surely the politics of the Russian people, so why not skip it?

There are a thousand and one things I'd have liked to learn about university life and love among the Russians.

Do they sit on the steps of their public library and hold hands or solve their problems over a cigarette? Eat the Russian equivalent of a pie out of a paper bag for lunch? Produce a university revue?

Wear rathag fashions like beat clothes and bulky knits? Live in colleges? Pay big fees?

Spend their weekends at competitive sport? Have a

Commem. procession? Prank around Red Square?

After a discussion that went on far too long I still don't know any of these things. What is more to the point, you probably still don't know what I think about "Four Corners."

I think it is the most important new programme to be introduced to TV for a long time. It's well worth watching; I'm sure it will improve.

I'd like to see more of the informal Michael Charlton in it, though; so far he certainly has not learned to relax in his new frame.

New Film With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ MISTY

With a script as clear as a kindergarten primer, this horsey film is for the tinies. A brumby round-up, taming, riding—and dozens of cuddly ponies—provide happy action in a mishap-free plot. David Ladd and his sister, Pam Smith, live with grandparents on an island pony-stud. Across the bay, on a deserted islandette, stallion Pied Piper breeds his wild family—disturbed only by an annual round-up for young mares and foals. Misty is one of his foals; Phantom is Misty's fleetfoot mother. At the round-up sale the children buy Phantom and Misty, whom they treat with loving care. But Phantom frets for her windswept freedom and Pied Piper, who calls across the water. It's a touching film. David and Pam are sincere, if camera-shy, kids. —Equire, Sydney.

In a word... WHOLESONE.

RENZO ROSSELLINI, son of director Roberto Rossellini, is to star in "L'Amour a Vingt Ans" (Love Is Twenty Years Old).

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Great Bicker

CHANNEL 7's "Great Debate" on the Federal Budget on Sunday, August 27, made me thank my lucky stars that as yet we are saved from telecasts of Parliament.

In this election year, both parties no doubt mustered their best teams—the Government's led by the Treasurer, Mr. Holt, supported by Mr. W. McMahon, Minister for Labor and National Service; the Opposition by its Leader, Mr. Calwell, and Deputy-Leader, Mr. Gough Whitlam.

It may be all right in the comparative privacy of the House of Representatives for Ministers and Members to play their private game of seeing who can score off the other, or catch him out in the tiniest error, but on TV, in the revealing eye of the camera, they didn't score at all.

Instead of the debate, as billed, it took only a few minutes for it to settle down into a kind of over-the-back-fence bicker.



Keeping an eye on the future...

A child discovers the wonder of things that grow, as she herself is growing, towards maturity in the future. You can help make sure it's a happy, secure future—for her and thousands of other Australian youngsters—simply by choosing Australian-made when you buy. Every pound you spend on Australian-made helps to keep Australians in their jobs and creates more jobs for the future. It's a practical way of raising your

standard of living, too, because the money you spend on Australian-made works its way back into your future.

Think of tomorrow when you shop today. There's a splendid variety of Australian-made goods that are quality right, quantity right—real value for your money! Buy Australian and let's keep it in the family.

BUY AUSTRALIAN

and your money comes back to you!





TOMMY HANLON, JR. He went on vaudeville tour with his parents when he was two weeks old and never thought of anything but a show-business career. Tommy and wife, Murphy, have a daughter, April, 8.

IT COULD BE YOU!

● American Tommy Hanlon, Jr., stocky, curly-haired compere of "It Could Be You!", gets a daily fanmail TV stars dream about—hundreds of letters from contented fans all over Australia. This gives Tommy a big kick. His motto is to "do good for someone every day" and he's convinced he does this through the show with its careful mixture of laughter, tears, competitions, and giveaways. Tommy came to Australia in December, 1959, for a short season in "In Melbourne Tonight." After six months back in the States he returned, and "It Could Be You!", the type of show he has always wanted to do, is happily keeping him here.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 13, 1961



Guess who
had a **Weet-Bix** breakfast
this morning?

Active boys and girls get off to a flying start with Weet-Bix, milk and fruit. Here is whole wheat at its best . . . with Vitamin B1 added to the golden goodness of the original grain. Value? Weight-for-weight, Weet-Bix are the *best* breakfast food buy of all! You'll agree—Weet-Bix are *wonderful*!

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youthful up-line and separation,
incredible comfort and wash 'n' wear ease of care.

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H I T E⁹



TAKE YOUR PICK!

Your favourite store can show you no less than fifteen different styles in Hickory's "Glowwhite" bras. Bandeau, Mid-line, Long-line (or Longer-line), embroidered bust cups with "Magic Inset"—whatever you prefer—it's yours in "Glowwhite"

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BY BARNEY SABATH

AN endless flow of travellers passed through the airport lounge. Between the ceaseless barrage of flight announcements pouring from the loud-speaker and the distant shrieking whine of aircraft, conversation was difficult. It required the maximum determination of the participants.

On this April afternoon, Joan and Robert Walsh, occupying a small window table, weren't determined. Joan, clear-featured and piquant, wore her dark hair casually and managed to appear, whether she knew it or not, as girlish and carefree as she had at college a dozen years ago.

But Joan could have told you, in her soft, husky voice, that appearances were deceiving. Hers, at least, if not Robert's.

She watched him now, over the rim of her coffee cup, wondering what his slender, worn-looking boy's face was seeing out there across the vast stretch of airfield. He was peering into the distance as though he could discern his destination. He has exceptional vision, she reflected, but there's still plenty he doesn't see.

She hunched her shoulders a little deeper into her lime-green jacket. She didn't want Robert to notice that she was shivering, even though the atmosphere was, as always, rather warm and airless. She knew the airport lounge and snack-bar better than she wanted to. She knew it at least once every month when she drove Robert to the airport to see him off on his short business trips.

It was always the same, their goodbye ritual. Inarticulate, noncommittal, unsatisfactory. Almost painful in its matter-of-factness, though she would not admit this even to herself.

She wished they could leave home with just enough time for him to check in at the flight desk and board the plane. But you couldn't anticipate the traffic delays there might be on the drive to the airport, so you arrived early enough to check the luggage, then sat in the restaurant lounge for thirty minutes. Minutes that seemed like weeks, because there was nothing to say to a taciturn, vaguely estranged husband you'd seen off on trips, month in and month out, for ten years.

And he said nothing, either, but ate his fruit cake rather absently and stared out the window with an expression of—of what? Regret? Resignation? She couldn't tell.

Something more than geographical distance seemed to separate them these days, and she longed to know what it was and to close the gap.

She stubbed out her cigarette, observing for the thousandth time that her coffee and cigarette lost their savor every time Robert and she sat here.

And how, she wondered, could Robert tuck into that soggy-looking piece of cake? Always, while she drank a cup of black coffee, he managed to eat a slice of fruit cake. Always, for ten years.

To page 28

*Time dragged slowly by as Joan sat tensely
by the telephone waiting for the call.*



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Men never know

*She had made the
choice which was to
change the course of
her life . . .
a short short story*

By MAVIS
HEATH MILLER



THE door of the compartment closed with a bang, the guard blew his whistle, and the train, puffing and complaining, pulled slowly out of Little Ritchendon Station. She sat back in her corner with a deep sigh of relief. The man in the opposite corner looked at her; he took in the trimness of her appearance, the well-cut suit, and the soft richness of the golden fur and the chic little hat. He admired her perfect grooming and simplicity.

His eyes sought her face. She had closed her eyes; he mentally noted the rounded cheeks, firm small chin, the straight nose, the well-marked brows, and the faint tracery of lines round her eyes that said she was not quite as young as he had first thought her. "Thirty-five," he thought. "I wonder what color her eyes are—blue?"

As if in answer to his thought she opened them and he saw they were surprisingly a deep lucid green. He dropped his eyes from her face and went on reading his paper.

She closed her eyes again. She wanted to shut out the carriage, the rest of the occupants, and particularly the staring man. Her mind was full of the future.

Even now she could not believe that she had taken the step. She could not believe that Harvey would go home tonight and she would not return, that tonight and all the nights of the future she would be with Clive.

She was wrong, she supposed. Nice women, particularly the nice women of Little Ritchendon, didn't go off and leave good steady husbands like Harvey, or fall in love with young men like Clive.

She remembered the first day that she had met Clive; she had gone to a local amateur dramatic festival with Muriel Grey. Muriel had asked if she minded her cousin coming along. He was staying for the weekend. He wrote plays and would be interested. She had not minded, of course; any stranger in Little Ritchendon was an interest.

Most of Muriel's relations were dull, worthy people of no great intelligence, but Clive was not like them; he was not like any of the Little Ritchendon young men. He was tall and thin and his eyes were brown and smiling. They smiled even when that quizzical mouth of his did not. He had sat between her and Muriel and made remarks about the plays in the interval. He had looked at her a good deal and suddenly had leant over her and whispered, "I say, you've got green eyes," as if it were a discovery of great importance. He had driven them home after the show and left her, still smiling, at her door.

On the Monday morning, after Harvey had left for the office, a car drew up at the gate and Clive got out. He came quickly up the path and knocked at the door. She opened it. "Good morning." He laughed and stepped inside. "Come along, let's go to the sea," he said.

"But I can't," her voice had been full of worry for the hundred and one things to be done.

"My dear girl, it's a lovely day. I've just left Muriel and you knew I'd want to see you again, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said, and had not been surprised that until that moment she had not known it was true.

She went, of course; they spent a day in the sun and he kissed her softly on the mouth and she had not protested.

When Harvey came home and they sat down to dinner he had looked at her shining face and asked if she'd had a good day. She answered, "Yes," and told him nothing. In that moment she knew that she was lost.

The train lurched along. A soft mist like grey gauze hung over the fields and she remembered that it was four months since that day at the coast.

Nothing stands still; like a child on a slide, she'd gone

forward, unable to stop, gathering impetus as she went. Her mind in a bemused state, she found herself unable to sleep; a picture of Clive seemed to be before her all the day and night.

If Harvey noticed anything, he did not say. He went on in his quiet, gentle way, his glasses still slipped half-way down his nose; he still spent his evenings on "The Times" crossword.

She tried sometimes to fight against this overwhelming passion, but it was a losing game. When Clive asked her to leave Harvey and come to London, she knew that she would go.

She had told Harvey she was spending the day in town with her sister and that she would be late. That would stop him asking too many questions. She had left a letter on his pillow; he would find it when he went to bed as he always did at ten. Poor Harvey, so kind, so thoughtful, so dull.

She wished she could talk it over with a woman friend, but she had no friend whom she could trust sufficiently. In her mind she knew what a friend would say, "You are a fool; a man younger than yourself; it won't last. Stay with your husband, who is kind, and in your home, which is yours."

She saw the houses growing taller and greyer and knew she was almost in London. She opened her bag and peeped into the mirror, and saw her face glowing. The man opposite still stared. Presently he smiled, and at that moment because she was in love with the world she smiled back.

The train drew in and she pulled her collar up and stepped on to the platform. Clive would meet her at the barrier; in three minutes she would be with him, his hand on her arm, his voice making her feel she was the one woman in the world. A child in front of her stumbled over a case. She looked down at the case standing there, dangerously placed beside the black-trousered legs of its owner. He pushed it with his foot and she saw beneath the cuff of the trousers and the top of the polished black shoe a hole, a large, ragged hole. She looked at the man, middle-aged, worried, his glasses half-way down his nose as he read his paper. She stopped, bumping into the man who had sat opposite.

She knew suddenly she could not go; she could not leave Harvey. The man who stood there might be Harvey, worried, tired, uncared for.

"I'm sorry," said the man who had sat opposite. She turned and put a hand on his arm.

"How can I get a train back to Little Ritchendon without going through the barrier?"

He looked surprised; he thought a moment.

"Down those stairs and up on platform three. They run about every half-hour, I think — forgotten something?"

She nodded, "Yes — my husband's —" her voice trailed off. "Thank you." She hurried down the stairs, and at the barrier a harassed young man looked again and again at his wristwatch.

She was sitting by the fire in the lounge when Harvey came in. "Hallo, my dear," said Harvey. "I thought you were going to be late—what brought you back?"

"Your socks," she said. He laughed. "My dearest girl, surely my socks aren't important enough to make you give up your evening of fun, are they?"

She looked up, a faint smile breaking in the green eyes.

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Continuing . . . THE PERFECT ANSWER

from page 25

She picked up her dark glasses from the table and put them on against the glare. She saw Robert glance at his wrist-watch and find that they still had ten minutes to wait until the antiseptic loudspeaker voice summoned passengers for Flight So-and-So to proceed to Channel So-and-So. Joan could have told him there was still plenty of time because she seemed unable to avoid staring at the seemingly motionless clock on the far wall.

"How's the cake?" she asked. "Quite good," he said politely.

Horrible woman, Joan chided herself. Why can't you think of something more scintillating to say? Talk about the children or even discuss his business trip . . . But what difference does it make whether we converse or not? At home we rarely speak of anything but trivialities. We seem to have run out of conversation, like a plane runs out of fuel.

But a plane doesn't run out of fuel, she told herself angrily. Don't even consider the possibility. And smile.

That wall clock, with its expressionless face, actually was moving. At least the second-hand was sweeping around in its passionless orbit.

I suppose we're doing much the same thing, she thought. We're mechanical. No spurts, no bursts, no outcries. Just going through the motions of living, but not through the motions of caring.

WOULD he care if his plane took him to Timbuktu instead of Milan? Would I care?

She quirked her mouth into a smile. "We'd better move so that we can stop at the book-stall."

He smiled, and she saw it was a young, attractive smile. But, like hers, forced, false.

I'm a real charmer, she thought. What, anyway, was the dictionary definition of "wife"? She had looked up "marriage" once, discovering that it constituted a union of two people; but she'd never looked up "wife." Probably helpmeet or helpmate—she had never learned the difference between the two words. Come to think of it, she'd never looked up the definition of "husband," either.

Robert picked up the bill and took a last look round. She watched him. Was there yearning in his expression? Fear?

Some women claim they can read their husbands like books. Well, I can't read you, Robert. Perhaps it's better this way.

As they reached the cash desk, a flat loudspeaker voice intoned: "Passengers travelling on Flight 308 for Paris and Milan, please go immediately to Channel Nine."

They proceeded side by side to Channel Nine. She wondered if he shared her sense of relief, now that the ordeal of waiting was almost over.

In a few minutes he'd be locked inside the shining silver aeroplane; she'd be in their car driving home. Neither would be under any strain of having to converse at a time when there was nothing to say. Both would be headed toward chores and duties; and any way you looked at it chores and duties gave meaning to one's days.

Then, abruptly, as it happened at every departure, Robert and she were enclosed, you could almost say trapped, in a sudden goodbye moment; a this-is-it; say whatever you're going to; speak now or hold your peace. The voice from

the loudspeakers, the whirring of planes, the hurrying throng, everything grew distant; only they remained life-size.

She looked up at him through her dark glasses, peculiarly conscious of wearing them. She wanted to whip them off so that she could see the details of his face clearly and sharply. But she didn't.

Joan controlled another desire, an almost overwhelming compulsion to say: "Robert, I love you." It was an irrational urge, certainly, and an infrequent one, for they no longer exchanged those words. If I say I love you, she told herself, he'll wonder why I'm saying it.

Still, illogically, she ached to blurt out: "I love you," right out of the clear sky.

Ten years ago we had those clear skies constantly. "I love you" used to be an adequate response, the best one in fact, to anything from the request: "Please pass the butter" to the question: "What time is it?"

"What time is it?" she had asked on Sunday mornings, opening her eyes and stretching lazily until one arm touched him where he lay, awake beside her, just looking at her, as though that were the most peaceful and natural way in the world to spend time.

That was ten years ago. Or was it a century ago? Actually, what difference did it make how long it was? It had happened, actually happened, that she had blinked and asked the time, and he had replied: "I love you," and pulled her into his arms.

Now they stood here as stiffly as two new acquaintances. She looked up at him, he looked down at her. There were no words, as though the moment enclosing them forbade words.

Finally she said: "Have a good trip," and gave him the fake smile again.

He responded by letting the corners of his mouth relax. "Thanks. And say goodbye to the children for me."

And she said, as usual: "Don't forget to telephone and let us know you've arrived safely."

"I will," he said.

Then there was a moment within the moment. A heart-breaking pause when absolutely nothing happened. Perhaps he was waiting for her to say or do something; perhaps she was waiting for him. Who could say? Anyway, nothing, absolutely nothing, happened.

Each grunted a feeble: "Bye," and simultaneously each turned and went his separate way.

With the purposeless air of a sleepwalker she moved through the hubbub of the busy halls and past the crowded waiting-rooms. Outside, in the lengthening afternoon, she felt a chill as she crossed to the carpark, got into the car, and headed back toward chores and duties, the reality of her life.

It was a relief to get home, to know that Jim and Amy, who were eight and nine, were there. Whether they were squabbling over their toys, or doing homework because they wanted permission to watch television after supper, still they were there. Their presence was comforting.

When Robert was away, the three of them ate at the blue kitchen table instead of in the dining-room, and they ate early, since there was no need to wait for Robert.

Tonight the background music droned from the small kitchen radio as they ate their meal. Joan wondered if it was purely coincidental that she

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"What absolute nonsense!" Sir Lancelot shouted as he jumped to his feet and stood threatening the witness.

Doctor on Toast

Final amusing instalment
of our serial

By RICHARD
GORDON

MY cousin Miles said, "I gathered from Potter-Phipps in the St. Swithin's private block yesterday that you have condescended to do a little medical work for a change."

"That's right," I replied. "Medicine is my legal spouse and literature my mistress. When I get tired of one I go and sleep with the other."

"I suppose I should have expected you to make some stupid remark like that."

"I didn't. It was Chekhov."

Miles frowned. "I do wish you'd grow out of this practice of scoring feeble points off me, Gaston. It was bad enough at school, when I recall you deliberately set out to undermine my authority as a prefect."

I made no reply, while Miles drove his car through the free-for-all round Hyde Park Corner. The trouble with my cousin, of course, was having no sense of humor. He still couldn't see the funny side of those cricket boots.

"I must really ask you to show some consideration for me," Miles went on bitterly. "Here am I, one of Her Majesty's Royal Commissioners, and you, my cousin, pursue a bohemian existence in some squalid basement in Paddington."

"Not out of choice, let me add," I returned smartly. "I'm not one for the crust of bread and your tiny-hand-is-frozen stuff at all. If you'd only cough up some of that cash for me I'd start wallowing in the shocking luxury of regular meals and a bit of fresh air."

Miles tightened his lips. "That is totally out of the question. You would merely squander it on some woman."

"My dear old lad! I haven't seen the woman you mean for months, and I wouldn't care much if I never did again."

"Indeed? I thought when we met a little earlier you had an appointment to visit her this evening?"

"Of course I did, dash it! But that was in quite a different connection —"

"Please do not insult my intelligence with more of these feeble excuses."

Miles swung his car round the policeman in Vauxhall Bridge Road and pulled up sharply in the forecourt of Victoria Station.

I'd been having a difficult day of it. In the week since seeing Basil Beauchamp I'd had no luck ringing Ophelia's flat, but that morning I'd managed to catch her in her bath.

"Darling, I'm simply dripping," she'd explained over the wire. "But where on earth have you been? I haven't heard from you for ages and ages."

"Overwork, you know. Terribly busy."

"Yes, I'm utterly frantic, too."

"I say, old girl," I went on, coming briskly to business. "How about a little drink together? Just for old time's sake."

"But, darling! I don't know when I'll ever have a spare evening again."

"I've a rather important message for you," I added urgently. "Not to mention a jolly little present that will bring a sparkle to your life."

"Oh, all right, darling," she sounded doubtful. "I think I can manage a quick one if you pick me up here at six."

By doing without lunch I'd bought a bunch of flowers, and I was just leaving my basement when I noticed Miles' car crawling along the gutter.

"Gaston!" he called through the window. "Do you realise I have been looking for you half over London? What conceivably made you hide yourself in this atrocious district?"

"Oh, hello, Miles. It's really quite attractive when the sun goes down over Wormwood Scrubs —"

"You are to accompany me to Sir Lancelot's house at once."

"Sir Lancelot's house? But I'm afraid I've a rather pressing engagement —"

"You will simply have to put the lady off," Miles glared at the flowers. "Sir Lancelot particularly wishes you to come to dinner. We are informally entertaining the Home Secretary."

"The Home Secretary?" I looked a bit blank. "What on earth makes Sir Lancelot think he's anxious to get chummy with a chap like me?"

"Don't stand there making idiotic remarks. Please get in the car."

"Oh, all right. I'll phone Ophelia and put her off. You can have the flowers for Bartholomew's nursery."

I got the hang of my invitation as soon as we arrived at Sir Lancelot's house, when the surgeon opened the door himself in his shirt-sleeves and frilly apron.

"Delighted you're able to give us a hand in the crisis, my boy," he greeted me. "Can you cook?"

"As a matter of fact, sir, I do rather fancy my touch with an omelet," I admitted.

"As a bachelor doing for himself you can presumably mix salad dressing? Then you will kindly accompany me to the kitchen and try. Miles lay the table. And don't forget to polish the champagne glasses."

"Haven't you got a maid yet, sir?" I asked, rather mystified as I followed Sir Lancelot through the house.

"It may interest you to know that the past two months of my life have been plagued by a succession of females who have enjoyed in common a striking inability to master the rudiments of the English language and a morbidly hysterical personality. All this has understandably tried the patience of both our excellent cook and myself. Our cook enjoyed the advantage of being able to park up and leave."

"Oh, I see, sir."



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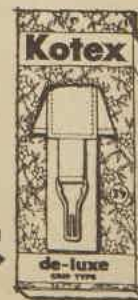


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made richer and sweeter desserts the nights that Robert was away. Did she possess a perverse hunger on those evenings, something parallel to his appetite for fruit cake when in the airport restaurant?

She dug a spoon into the chocolate froth. Amy pursed her lips and enunciated with silly superiority: "Jimmy, you should use your spoon in your proper hand."

Jimmy's fist tightened around the spoon and he said, "Why don't you mind your own business?"

Amy looked pained. "That's not the way to speak to your very own sister," she said, and glanced at Joan for support.

"Children, please. Please," Joan murmured. But the controversy continued in lowered voices, while Joan strained her ears to catch the end of the news summary that had followed the programme of music.

Continuing . . . THE PERFECT ANSWER

from page 28

"... crashed at five twenty-five. There is no further information at the moment." Then a tenor began to whine "My Funny Valentine."

Joan froze. Not the plane Robert was on, she told herself firmly, that one hadn't crashed. Robert had been travelling for ten years without the slightest mishap.

We simply aren't people that things happen to, she had often reassured herself. Things happen to other people; illnesses, crashes, accidents, but not to them.

Joan sat rigid, almost breathless, until slowly she felt the chill subside, began to feel normal again. And then she knew a bitter dislike of herself. How untouched we are by what happens to others, in other places,

she thought. Oh, yes, we say we sympathise, but do we care, do we feel any real sorrow?

Yes, I do pity others, she insisted. But what if—

Her hands were so icy she didn't trust herself to reach for a cigarette. With tremendous effort she raised her voice. It came out slightly shrill, but, all things considered, pretty well controlled. "Children, stop bickering and eat up or you'll go straight to bed."

She went into the living-room and sat in the big wing-chair, his chair, and didn't even try to stop herself staring at the phone, it would have been useless. Dreadful fantasies spun

through her mind. What if it were Robert's plane that had crashed? The idea was too preposterous.

She shivered just the same. The idea of his being dead was quite preposterous. He'd been alive, talking to her, looking at her, a couple of hours ago.

But the way they'd looked at each other, the way they'd spoken to each other, that was just as preposterous, wasn't it? It was ridiculous, being married, creating children, living together, and not even exchanging real feelings any more.

It was worse than ridiculous, it was senseless.

She blinked back a tear and tried to control the rage she felt toward herself. Why, we have treated our

love so badly that we actually deserve to be taken away from each other.

Her heart seemed to stop, now that she'd named the thing she feared. If justice existed, this could be her punishment and Robert's. We deserve it; to be separated, to never see each other again.

"But it hasn't happened," she said aloud. Hearing her own words was, in a way, comforting.

Numbly, but very precisely, she walked over to the telephone and dialled the airport number, and, when a young voice answered, Joan asked to be connected with the information desk.

"Passenger information, flight information, or reservation information?" the girl asked.

Joan had to think. She couldn't blurt out: "Crash information. I want to know if my husband is dead or alive." She said: "I want information about Flight 308 to Paris and Milan."

"Hold on a moment, I'll connect you," the young voice said, and before Joan could protest another voice was saying: "Reservations are busy. Will you wait?"

She said: "Yes," and gripped the phone tightly. The waiting seemed endless.

What if they've been trying to reach me? she wondered. What if they're calling this number to tell me he was among the passengers? She replaced the receiver, determined to wait patiently. You've never been a hysterical woman, she reminded herself. For heaven's sake, don't start now.

But Robert has never crashed before, the voice inside her insisted. It was all menacingly clear now. As they stood together today, suspended in time, those few moments before they parted she had a presentiment.

She could see now that she had been supernaturally conscious of the two of them standing there, man and wife, together but not together. Together for the last moment of a ten-year marriage; together with absolutely no reassurance, no consolation for one another.

She heard the whirr of a plane somewhere far off. Some plane arriving or taking off. People saying goodbye, or not saying goodbye. You never knew when you were saying goodbye for the last time. You never knew, until afterwards.

BUT it wasn't Flight 308 that crashed, she told herself. But this time she told herself without conviction. She reached for a cigarette and lighted it, picked up a magazine, and returned to the wing-chair.

Don't look at the time, she warned herself. But, of course, she did look at her wristwatch. Seven-thirty, an hour after his plane would have arrived at Milan.

He always phoned her as soon as the plane landed at his destination. Then they struggled through a lacklustre three-minute conversation, a stilted ritual.

"How're you?"

"Okay. How're you?"

"Okay. The children all right?"

"Yes. Did they give you a good meal on the plane?"

"Yes, quite good. Did you get home from the airport before the traffic became heavy?"

"Yes. Did you meet anyone interesting on the plane?"

"No. I read my book. Well, our time's up. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

What horrid, tight superficial conversations they had been. She knew that, but right now she'd give anything to be able to hear those words again.

She looked at her watch. He should have telephoned forty minutes ago. Why hadn't he?

Defiantly she returned to the telephone, dialled Continental, and asked for the Milan hotel where he always stayed. As she waited for the connection, Joan couldn't help wondering whether Robert would ever again be paged in a hotel. The voice of a hotel receptionist, speaking perfect English, recalled Joan from her reverie.

In reply to her request, she informed Joan that Mr. Walsh had a reservation but he hadn't arrived yet. The polite voice continued: "Shall I ask him to telephone when he arrives, or will you call later?"

"Please ask him to telephone when he comes in," Joan said. She couldn't tell the operator: He isn't going to come in, he isn't alive.

She recalled that when waiting at Channel Nine, pondering what words to say, she had thought: "I can't say: I love you, because perhaps it's a lie. And even if it's true I don't think you want

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Invitation To the Party

BY
LILLY GORDON
EINSTEIN

HE decided he liked her, this skinny girl with eyes like saucers, always with her nose in a book. Stopping the noise he was creating in the soup-bowl, he peered at her through his faded old eyes. He judged her to be about eighteen, maybe nineteen.

Always books. Always her soup grew cold. "Eat the soup up quickly. It's like ice," he said, using the privilege old people have.

She looked up bewildered, her small face full of the book's wonder. Her hair was blond and short. She was tiny and small-boned.

But her eyes. Her eyes were big like saucers. They crinkled up in a friendly way as she closed the book and grinned at him across the table. "My mother always tells me the same thing."

"Your mother is a very wise woman, like me," he said, making a joke.

They laughed and finished the rest of their lunch in silence, for such was proper etiquette in Felton's cafeteria.

And so the friendship began between these two who often shared the small table against the window.

If you weren't a regular customer of Felton's you would probably not even know a table was there, wedged in the way it was behind the glass-girdled revolving door. But it was. And you had a beautiful view of the street. Of a blue-silk lining of sky that you could see if you put your face up close to the window. Beautiful.

Best of all, he liked looking out at the human swirlings moving past the window, for life was dear and one held it up to the light tenderly like a treasured photograph. But she was young and turned yet to books for life.

It was she who began the habit of "reserving" the table for them, cafeteria-style. She would drape that black misfit of a coat over the back of one of the chairs, put her books on the seat of the other chair, and place two paper napkins on the table weighted with cutlery.

It was a good arrangement. Sometimes they ate in silence, she swallowed up in a book, he content with his window. Sometimes they talked.

He learnt that she was a salesgirl at the department store round the corner. He told her his shop, in which he was a part-owner, was upstairs on the fourth floor, and it was a pleasure not to have to bother with a coat and galoshes every lunch hour.

She told him she went to evening classes. He informed her that his only child, Stevie, had, too, gone to evening classes, but unfortunately was now married and a director of some company in the north.

She told him she lived alone with her mother and that recently her mother was having trouble with her health.

He gallantly offered the address of his doctor, and as gallantly extended the wish that his daughter-in-law Gladys could have all her mother's symptoms.

"That daughter-in-law of mine always insists on the very best," he had shrugged his shoulders expressively and his eyes had twinkled, "so . . . let her have the very best of symptoms."

She had laughed and he had felt pleased with himself. For the first time he had had a laugh on that Gladys. As far as he was concerned, Gladys was strictly second-hand.

He had beamed across the table at his little table companion. Now here was first-class quality. Sweet, quiet, always with a book.

Suddenly he had wanted to do something nice for her. He had thought a moment and then said politely, "I'm going to the counter for another coffee. Would you like me to bring you one, too, young lady?"

She had smiled. "The name is Dorothy."

They decided that such a beautiful coat was ideal for a very special occasion . . . an appealing story



ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

To page 58

Pick a fabric from the **Grafton** SPRING GARDEN Styled by ADELYN and ABY-Rosecroft



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GRAFTON FABRICS AT ALL LEADING STORES

Page 32

Continuing . . . THE PERFECT ANSWER

from page 30

me to say it, because it would embarrass you because you can't honestly say the same back to me.

She shook her head, baffled and ashamed. How had love grown so complex between them? In the old days it had seemed the simplest thing in the world for either of them to declare, for no reason at all: "I love you." He hadn't eyed her suspiciously then when she'd said it out of the blue.

BUT people grow older. They sometimes forget their young zest and humor, and control their exuberance, until one day they are inarticulate, over-controlled, and, thanks to some mysterious process, estranged. Estranged and civilised and terribly adult. After all, you can't remain young and silly and bubbly indefinitely.

Why can't you? she demanded.

And she answered herself as sensibly as she could. You can't, my dear, immature Joan Walsh, be a carefree, open-hearted free-emotioned girl for ever, because adults have serious, important things to do. They simply don't show their emotions. It just isn't done.

Perhaps it should be done, the stubborn part of her replied.

No. If you lived in the 1960s you acknowledged that it was a world in which people zoomed to the moon, a world in which you didn't display emotions.

The pretty tangerine-colored flame of early marriage flickered away without your realising it, and though you occasionally let yourself fret about its absence you didn't let yourself become genuinely miserable until—until this moment.

She looked at her watch. His call would have come an hour ago.

The sound of raucous laugh-

ter was coming from the radio in the kitchen. She could identify the laughter accompanying the show as taped, pre-recorded or whatever term they used. Artificial laughter, fancy that! In this wonderful world, what would they create next?

But it isn't a wonderful world. Sports - cars, instant coffee, and packets of quick-mix pastry don't make it a wonderful world for me, Joan Walsh.

I want you, Robert Walsh, she thought insistently. I want you, Robert Walsh, with all your funny ways, your quick temper, and your squinting attempt to see my eyes through the sunglasses.

I want you, even though your biggest talent is disguising your love for me behind indifference and preoccupation. I want you, not another kitchen appliance.

She clenched her fists so that her nails dug into her palms. Ironical that even now, alone, she was not letting tears fall. Why? Because this was 1961 and she was a 1961 woman.

Then suddenly, unaccountably, she was possessed by the girl she had been ten years ago. She shuddered, squeezed her eyes tight shut to hold back the tears. She felt a burning warmth inside, like that tangerine-colored flame.

Let yourself cry, she implored herself. Let yourself care. She wept soundlessly, with a sense of relief, an indefinable sense of happiness almost.

The clatter of the telephone seemed to be coming from far away. It was an insistent ring, a long-distance ring. It would, of course, be the operator reporting back, crisp and efficient.

She ran to the desk, shakily lifted the receiver. "Yes, operator."

"This is not the operator," a faraway voice said. "It's me, Robert."

The world turned upside-down. The tangerine-colored flame leapt high inside her. Then in the strange 1961 way that she couldn't altogether subdue she felt her emotions being thrust back into the vault where they spent most of their life. She felt calm, almost her normal calm, descend.

She was aware of a final flutter of panic in her chest, but her voice emerged in perfect control. "Oh, Robert. Of course."

"Joan," he demanded, "what is it?" Agitation swelled his voice. "I've just arrived at the

hotel and got your message. What on earth's happened?"

Even now she couldn't shout her love or confess her yearnings, her fears. She heard her hatefully calm voice declaring: "In all the years you've travelled, you've phoned me. I just thought it was time I phoned you."

She could almost hear the gulp of relief on his end of the line. "Idiotic girl," he cried, with an exasperation that made her smile. "You stupid, idiotic girl! I didn't know what to think." She heard him take a deep breath, as though he were badly in need of air.

"We had a delay in Paris. When we landed here, all the airport phones were occupied. Now I reach the hotel to find a message from you. You can't imagine the things that shot through my mind while waiting for the call. I thought of every catastrophe imaginable, fire, accident—" Robert was practically raving. "Joan, have you any idea how worried I was?"

Hysterical laughter suddenly bubbled up inside Joan, but she managed to keep it where it was. He didn't know how articulate, how downright passionate, he was being. "Robert, I do have an idea how worried you were," She took a deep breath. "And I love you for it."

There was a pause at his end of the line, as though he'd heard some very unfamiliar words. Well, so he had.

His voice came out dry and a little harsh. "Joan, Joan," he repeated. Then softly, agonisingly: "I don't think you know. I don't think you have any idea."

SHE knew what he meant, and she knew he probably wouldn't be able to say it, at least not until they both rediscovered the habit of saying it.

"Do you understand what I'm telling you?" he demanded. She didn't answer his question. Instead she gave him the reply he had made in the old days when she wanted to know what time it was or would she please pass the butter.

She said: "I love you, Robert. Remember that, the next time I see you off."

The cool voice of the operator announced: "Your three minutes are up," but Robert interrupted her.

"We aren't finished, operator, I want to talk to my wife a little longer."

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40 NEW HAIRSTYLES FOR SPRING



● Oval shape with a slight lift on crown has a tiny centre part accented with a bow.

Designs by
KENNETH

—Jackie Kennedy's hair



Designed for Jacqueline Kennedy, with fringe and

● Making its own kind of headlines this spring is a pretty new hair-line designed by Jackie Kennedy's favorite New York hairstylist, Kenneth of Lilly Dache Coiffures. The new line—called Romance—is shown here in three attractive variations. The “look” is oval and lifted; the bubble effects of past seasons are out. Back hair is short, but never clipped or shingled. Sometimes hair-ends turn up gently. Kenneth says about his soft Romance line: “It’s curly, but doesn’t look it. It doesn’t look waved, either—it just bends in all the right directions.”



● Puffy style with charm balloons on top and at sides, which turn under.

40 NEW HAIRSTYLES FOR SPRING

Round-up

● Bangs are still around in a big way — with a curl, a swirl, a sidesweep, and other winning ways for almost any shape face.

● A prettier frame than ever for the face is the everyday short cut with a soft, gently full, slightly straighter look. Easy to care for, too.

ELIZABETH ARDEN, New York



Polished and practical, this hairdo (left) has an easy look that makes it possible for almost any woman. Brush it into higher lines for night glamor.



Simple lines (right) with a 1961 look. Hair is moulded into a raised crown, with sleek sides and full bangs. It bells at back.



Short hair (left) brushes up into a fan-shaped halo. A fringe of careless bangs balances the line. Straight hair needs a perm.



Pretty evidence of what a sidesweep can do is seen in Guillaume's "In Movement" line (above). It's done with his semi-circular cutting.



CHARLES of the RITZ, Paris

Dressed-up style (right) with bandeau of hair across forehead and covered ears has a high chignon accented on one side with a huge flat curl.



Be a gamin, be a pixie, be utterly enchanting with an almost-straight "do" cut in tiers and brushed back from the face, up at the back. Thread with a narrow ribbon.



Shell hairdo for long hair is caught behind the ears, curls hair-ends like seashells. The semi-bouffant crown backs a divided fringe.



GUILLAUME, Paris

Spotlight is on the swing and sweep (below). This classically lovely style is full of not-so-simple detail, needs coarse hair to hold the line effectively.

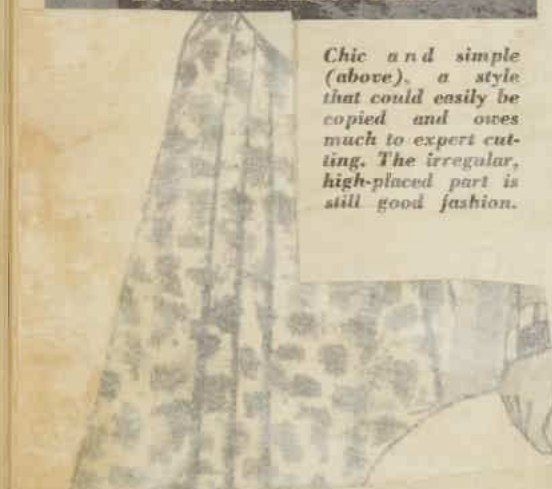


Soft fluid lines (above). Hair sweeps to one side, uncovering the forehead. At the back, the nape is flat to accentuate the line.



LUC TRaineau, Paris

Chic and simple (above), a style that could easily be copied and owes much to expert cutting. The irregular, high-placed part is still good fashion.



Like the beehive, but different (left). The back hair is dressed high, sides held by plaited straw, front hair arranged to cover the brow in a band.



Mostly fringe under a neat jewelled cap (left). Very coquettish and short-short. Small, flat-to-the-head ears are a "must" for this.



from world stylists

● Hair made elegant for evening is high and handsome or wide and wing-like, but always controlled. The decoration you add is up to you.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, New York



Newest of new looks, called "Roaring Renaissance," in a high style with wing effects and a thick comma curl curving in the centre of the brow.



Dramatic, free-form hairstyle for evening (above) is one of a new line of styles named "The Zephyr" by new stylist Mr. Thierry.

"Tossed Salad" (right), short cool coiffure designed for minimum care, best effect, in town or at the beach.



ANDRE BERNARD, London

Pace-setter for spring (right) in a club-cut style that gives lots of movement. Hair falls softly on the brow and cheekbones to frame the face.



Longer, soft version of the shingle, brushed to give a double-layer effect. The lower layer curves the cheeks and nape. The brow is covered.



Swept high over the crown and with an eye-level fringe on one side, this style has crescent curls on each cheek.



ALEXANDRE, Paris

Spectacular wings, a full bang, and lifted crown in the "Undine" hairdo (right), one of Alexandre's latest smooth stylings.



Designed for Jacqueline Kennedy, with fringe and ample waved turned-back side locks, this "do" lends itself to a number of changes.



JOHN OLOFSON, Haute Coiffure, London

Romantic "Bustle Line" (right) gets well away from round fluffy heads and into the realm of elegance and sophistication.



Olofson embellishes "Bustle" with a decorative buckle (left) to transform it into a gay evening style for young adults.

Longer hair (right) sweeps back with charming effect, and gives emphasis to the crown of the head in this "Bustle" style. Nape hair is short.



40 NEW HAIRSTYLES FOR SPRING



● Scene-stealer of the Paris showings is hair swept boldly to one side (right). "Scorched Earth" is the name of this new reddish shade for brunette hair.



● Blond hair (right) masses on one side of the head, is brushed flat and smooth across the top. Hair tucks behind the opposite ear.

Sidesweeps, twists are back



● Very eye-catching are the swirls and twists that reappear in the pattern of the new spring hair fashions. This smart quartet of freshly minted styles from overseas illustrates the trend in the prettiest way possible.

● Longer look in hair with an out-and-out bouffant look (left). Short, high part is starting-point for two pretty puffs that fall into fullness.

● S-curve of burnished blond hair coils ribbon-smooth across to one side of the arresting hairdo at right. Hair bells out at the back, then turns under.



High-fashion model look

● These highly sophisticated hairstyles were created in Paris and are worn with enormous dash by glamorous fashion models. Each one is a "signature" coiffure with a special look. Take them to your hairdresser to copy.



● Pierre Balmain suggests a new way (above) to wear a wide, gold kid belt—as a headache-band to hold a high evening coiffure in place. Hair behind the belt lifts into a high dome. This one is for full-dress occasions.

● Charles of the Ritz created the hairstyle at right for the model who wore it at the Paris showings. Hair is feathered over the forehead in a small fringe and covers the ears. Longer hair-ends curl around the back into a low line on the nape. A pretty shape for a big evening.



● Dior model (right) drops the shingle to a new length, exaggerates its opulent look. There's new interest in the short centre part, new roundness on top of the head. An eye-stopper if you can wear it well.

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40 NEW HAIRSTYLES FOR SPRING

Which
Decide who
hairdo



MRS. KENNEDY, by Richard Henry.



JET BROWN: America's First Lady has hair with plenty of body and an unmistakable hairbrush glow. Her looks are essentially modern — wide mouth, squarish jawline, strikingly marked brows. With her beautiful brown eyes she plays down make-up, swings between pink and sunny lipsticks. Her current hairstyle is the American version of casual elegance and youthful chic.

• This new summer style would be a charming alternative for anyone with Jackie Kennedy's dark, brilliant looks and same length of hair. The hair is first set on rollers and pincurls, then, in brushing out, swept back of the ears — a trick that takes away from squarish features. A full, deep fringe, slightly parted in the centre to fall like petals, shows a new and popular trend.



MARGARET,

RICH CHESTNUT: Princess Margaret is a real experimentalist when it comes to hairstyles; she has steadily moved away from the conventional styles she wore a few years ago. Her hair is very fine, needs spray to keep it up, consequently she looks her prettiest with a soft oval cut, set high and based on an almost even length of hair all over the head. Curves give the illusion of height.



PRINCESS ALEX, by Andre Bernard.



MID-BLOND: Alexandra shows a perfect example of how to take the starch out of classical features. She can wear her hair parted in the middle, smoothly drawn back under a coronet, and look simply superb. But, for choice, she likes a soft, gay hairstyle long enough to allow for variation and one which stays put under the pretty hats she loves to wear on formal occasions.

• This style has been specially created by Andre Bernard for slightly longer hair which can at the same time follow the short-look fashion. The hair sweeps high over the crown, with a light front that can be brushed forward into a one-sided fringe. The back is swept round the head, and the ends are flicked forward on to the jawline in a small crescent curl that leaves a pretty ear quite bare.



PRINCESS GRACE,

AMBER-BLOND: Princess Grace wore her hair for some years in a smooth, sleek chignon that added to her cool, youthful dignity, its severity only possible for a real beauty. Her current hairstyle is softer, almost bouffant in the front and, with the tinted glasses she almost always wears out of doors, more flattering than ever to her flawless creamy complexion and regular features.

of these is YOU?

you're most like, then follow the new designed for her by a famous coiffeur



by Raymond.

• The Palm Cut is Raymond's perfect summer choice for any would-be Princess Margaret. It is the result of a sculpture-cutting technique, which is something quite new. The style begins to take shape under the scissors before the hair is set. When combed out, each "leaf" of hair falls from the crown of the head, giving the effect of a full, soft cap, very much in line with spring.



PRINCESS PAOLA, by Steiner.

RED-GOLD: The 22-year-old wife of Prince Albert of Belgium has the vivid coloring of the blond Roman — peach-colored skin, eyes with a topaz gleam. To set off a small, beautifully balanced head she wears her hair brushed up. For formal occasions she wears an elegant, shining chignon on top of her hair; at home the hair is brushed into a big swirl, as shown in the picture.



• This is a charming new idea for any girl with Princess Paola's delicate beauty. Steiner calls it "Party Princess." The hair is cut on two levels, brushed up to a cockscomb behind. The front swirls forward from beneath a pearl and rhinestone ornament. A touch of spray is suggested to keep the hair in place. This style is a complete change from the sleek, wrapped look Paola usually chooses.



by Riche.

• If you look anything like Princess Grace, "Calvera," an interpretation of Riche's new Mexican line, could be for you. The back is kept short, the top hair brushed forward from the crown, with curls curved on to the cheek. For hair of too fine a texture to suit a new style, Riche suggests hair "additions" to match your coloring. These are very easy to attach and to arrange in just a few minutes.



LADY TAVISTOCK, by Vidal Sassoon.

RAVEN'S - W I N G BLACK: The Marchioness of Tavistock, formerly Henrietta Tiarks, is one of the very few beauties who can take a stark, almost oriental, hairstyle with brilliant success. Her shining hair is short, quite clear of her neck at the back, and brushed up from the brow to show off her slanting near-black eyes. Her cheekbones are unusually wide, her jawline rounded.



• This 1921-1961 line can be worn as long as you dare. Vidal Sassoon's soft bob style relies for its whole appeal on expert cutting and hair that is in sparkling good condition. The idea is to get a silky movement to the hair, which is cut simply to frame the face and fall closely to the nape of the neck. The forehead is covered with an almost eyebrow-length fringe — striking if it suits you.

"I only wish I'd put my other babies on HEINZ sooner — she's so good!"



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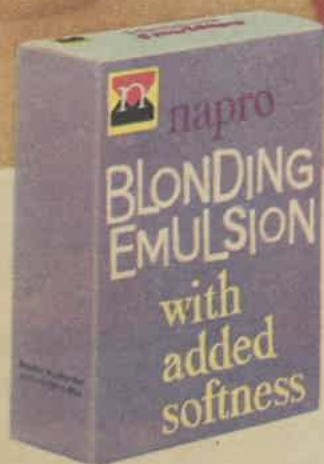
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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● My heart goes out to poor Princess Paola of the Belgians, in trouble with the entire population of the city of Bruges for having sold a speedboat they gave her as a wedding present.

I SUPPOSE it was tactless of her, to say the least, but wedding presents can be a frightening burden.

We had a pair of fearsome mottled mother-of-pearl-type pink-and-green vases that had to be whipped out of hiding and then stowed away again on every visit their donor paid us.

We also have a nice little cedar coffee-table which is known as The Wedding Present.

At least three distant relatives (it may be more!) firmly believe they gave us this to celebrate our marriage.

These were the kind people who sent us a cheque for £5 so that we could buy "something we really wanted."

We bought the coffee table with the first of these cheques, but the others disappeared in drabs and drabs on pots and pans and rolling-pins and having secondhand chairs covered and floors sanded and new washers put in taps.

We were broke, and these were things we wanted far more than coffee sets and electric toasters, but somehow it's difficult to write to someone and say, "Thank you very much for your cheque—we bought three and a half yards of material at 17/6 a yard, a packet of washers at 2/6 so Hugh could fix the taps, three wooden spoons for 4/6, and a frying-pan at 23/6, and we still have 8/3 in hand for a rainy day."

So I took the easy way out and thanked them all as prettily as I could for the lovely coffee-table.

I used to have nightmares about them all descending at once for some family gathering and demanding to see the table they had given us—but that was a long, long time ago and so far it hasn't happened.

Grubbing in the rubbish

THE thing I really was sad about was a present of lovely Irish linen tablemats.

Our flat was small, but it was in a comparatively new building and it had a rubbish chute that whizzed the rubbish down somewhere into the bowels of the building, where it was consumed by the boiler that supplied hot water.

When we'd unpacked our wedding presents and disposed of all the paper and straw, the table linen had disappeared from the face of the earth.

Hugh always claims that that was the beginning of my opposition to labor-saving devices.

Certainly I never want to have a rubbish chute again. There's a certain comfort, when you've lost something you value, in upending the rubbish tip and sorting through the unsavory mess by torchlight.

You never find what you're looking for, but at least you're sure that it must still be in the house and it'll turn up sooner or later.

Young people

despise wildflowers

WE had our annual picnic to one of the bush reserves to see the wildflowers last weekend.

Wildflowers are wasted on the young—I can remember my impatience with adult raptures over what seemed like fairly scrawny

little bits of color when I was a child, but now these same scrawny little bits of color give me more pleasure than the most carefully tended herbaceous border in our suburb.

Since my children are no more thrilled by wildflowers than I was at their age, we turn this excursion into a chop-picnic.

There's a legend in the family (carefully fostered by me) that I can neither light, tend, nor cook over a campfire, so I can wander off into the bush while the others burn their fingers.

This time Katherine elected to come with me.

We found something I'd never noticed before—a low, spreading, brilliant, green spiky bush studded with tiny hard yellow and rose-colored flowers, each the size and shape of a pinhead but arranged in clusters.

"Look," I said to Katherine, "the Italian mosaicists never made anything as beautiful as that!"

And I thought she was at last beginning to share my enthusiasm when she apparently answered, "Yes, it's glamorous." Then she explained that what she had said was "Yes, it's glamorous."

Kat's interest was purely botanical, and my ravings were punctuated by jaw-breakers like *xanthophyll*, *myrtaceae*, and *pteridophyta*.

Despoilers of the bushland

DURING our walk we came upon a couple talking in a European language I couldn't identify and picking armfuls of pink boronia. I did a slow burn—partly jealousy, I guess, because I'd love to have vases full of it.

Half an hour later we met them again, still picking busily.

I thought about how much more they might pick and how embarrassed they were going to be when they tried to drive out of the reserve with the car festooned with bunches of stolen flowers, and I plucked up my courage and said to the woman as gently as possible:

"This is a reserve. You're not allowed to pick anything growing in it!"

She didn't understand, and her husband had to translate, and then she dropped the flowers and shot off into the bush like a startled fawn.

Obviously they hadn't had any idea that they shouldn't strip the bush of armfuls of flowers.

There's a sign to that effect at every car entrance to the reserve, but people who don't read or speak English readily can hardly be expected to get the message as they flash past in a car.

We don't want our bushland studded with forbidding signs, or we'll end up with a landscape like the American one Ogden Nash lamented when he said:

"I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree,
Perhaps unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all."

But most reserves issue parking tickets for cars.

Couldn't they have a short note printed on the back of them, in several languages, pointing out that if people pick what they fancy the native plants will soon be gone for good?

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Collectors' Corner

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe gives some interesting information about two antique teapots and a mug with a crockery frog inside owned by a N.S.W. reader.

"Could you give me some information about these two teapots, please? One is pewter, but has no markings, and the other is brown pottery with a decoration of flowers, leaves, and nuts. It has no lid and fills at the bottom. I also have a mug with a brown frog in crockery and a printed view of a bridge on it."—Mrs. A. M. Griffiths, Earlwood, N.S.W.

The pewter teapot is a fine example of the squat melon shape with a swan-neck spout and wooden C scroll handle of the late Georgian era. It was made about 1825. The brown glazed pottery teapot, in the form of a fruit with leaves and flowers in relief in imitation of Japanese, is Rockingham ware. This type of teapot which is filled from beneath the vessel is called a

radogan. The Rockingham works closed in 1842. Your teapot was made between 1825 and 1840.

The pint mug with a brown crockery frog inside and a printed view outside showing the famous cast-iron Sunderland Bridge over the River Wear, in Durham, England, is called a Sunderland mug. It commemorates the building of the bridge—a great engineering

achievement of the 18th century. This bridge was the second made of cast-iron in England. The first was at Colebrookdale, completed in 1769. There were several potteries in

TWO ANTIQUE TEAPOTS belonging to Mrs. A. M. Griffiths.



Sunderland at the end of the 18th and 19th centuries, and it is not easy to attribute these mugs to any particular one.

The Wear Pottery, established in 1789 by Messrs. Brunton and Co., succeeded by Moore and Co. in 1803, was one maker. They, like other contemporary potters, delighted in manufacturing trick mugs such as frog mugs. Some bore amusing verses like those on a mug in which a toad is discovered when half emptied: "Though malt and venom seem united, don't break my pot or be affrighted."

For information about your antiques, send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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TWINSET BY Crestknit

Whatever his line, he's 'caught' when you wear glamorous BRI-LON knitwear! The secret of BRI-LON is one part touch—such incredibly soft textures; one part fashion—such elegant styling; one part comfort—such skilful contour-shaping. And it's so easy to care for. If you're fishing for compliments this spring and summer, catch his eye in BRI-LON knitwear! It's available in stunning new colors at all stores now!

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry

BRI-LON—trade mark of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.



READERS' RECIPES

A CRUSTY layer of mashed potato and pumpkin forms the shell of a tasty fish pie which wins the main prize of £5 this week.

A fluffy meringue-topped apple sweet wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

SPANISH FISH PIE

Crust: One pound cooked mashed potatoes, 1lb. cooked mashed pumpkin, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 egg.

While vegetables are still hot, beat in butter, milk, egg-yolk. Stiffly beat egg-white, fold in lightly. Line bottom and sides of well-greased pie-dish. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: Three tomatoes, 1lb. cooked flaked fish, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons finely diced celery, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup grated cheese, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 2 rashers bacon.

Cut tomatoes into fairly thick slices, arrange on bottom of vegetable crust, sprinkle with salt, pepper. Mix fish, onion, lemon juice, and celery together, pile on tomato slices. Prepare cheese sauce by melting butter in saucepan, adding flour and salt and stirring gently over low heat one minute. Gradually add milk, pepper, and lastly fold in half grated cheese. Pour cheese sauce over fish, sprinkle breadcrumbs over. Cut bacon into small pieces, place on top of breadcrumbs. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Harper, 9 Kooreela Street, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

APPLE MERINGUE DESSERT

One cup stewed apple pulp, 4 passion-fruit, ½ cup breadcrumbs or stale cake-crumbs, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons lemon butter.

Place apple pulp in greased oven-ware dish, spread passionfruit over. Cover with layer of crumbs. Beat egg-yolk and milk with half the sugar and vanilla. Mix well, pour over crumb mixture. Bake in moderate oven until set. Spread on lemon butter, top with meringue made by beating egg-white and gradually adding the sugar. Return to oven to set and lightly brown meringue.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.

READERS' HOME HINTS

WHEN making children's dresses insert a length of fine string into the hem. When hem has to be let down you will find that the string has prevented any permanent creasemark from repeated pressing.—Mrs. J. A. Benson, Carmila West, Carmila, N.C. Line, Qld.

If rooting plant cuttings in water do not use a glass jar. A narrow-necked vase gives best results, because penetrating light hinders root formation. At least two inches of the stem should be underwater.—Mrs. M. Matheson, Windsor Road, East Richmond, N.S.W.

Dishcloths can be knitted on coarse wooden needles, using the string that comes round parcels. Such cloths are strong and excellent for cleaning. Boil occasionally in soda water to keep them fresh.—Miss J. Papalia, 44 Talbot Road, Brunswick Junction, W.A.

Use shirring elastic for sewing buttons on children's clothes. The elastic will stand rougher use than thread.—Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomalibee Street, Benalla, Vic.

When putting out young plants or planting seeds in rows, get a straight line by laying a garden stake along the bed parallel with the border. Press it down well to make a groove. Continue doing this until whole bed is marked out. Grooves form channels for water to flow in, also make a firm level for the seeds. Holes for plants can be made before you begin planting; sides will not fall in as happens when made in crumbling soil.—Mrs. A. Little, Harriet Street, Strathalbyn, S.A.

When you teach a child to knit stocking-stitch, start her off with needles of two different colors. She will learn quickly if she associates, for example, knitting plain stitches with a white needle and knitting purl stitches with a red one.—Mrs. D. E. Wilson, 121 Turton Road, Waratah, N.S.W.

Instead of sewing up the cuffs of hand-knitted cardigans and pullovers, sew on press-studs. You can then

Keen on sewing, knitting, or gardening? Here are some useful tips sent in by readers.

roll up sleeves without stretching the cuffs.—Mrs. S. Gillard, 99 Beulah Street, Gunnedah, N.S.W.

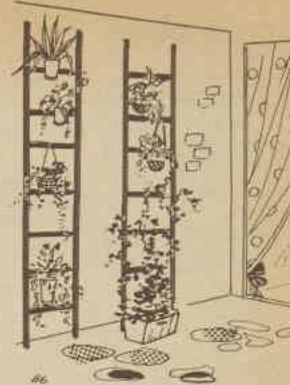
the stitches.—Miss Clair Font, c/o Post Office, Bexley North, N.S.W.

When making buttonholes, carefully mark each one with a thin, narrow coating of colorless nail polish. Allow to dry. Then cut through the centre. You will then have a straight, non-ravelling edge to take

Another point to note when making buttonholes, especially in children's clothes, is to cut them vertically wherever possible. They take the weight of the cloth better than horizontal shape.—Mrs. T. A. Lee, 48 Franklin Street, Dunedin, N.Z.

Buttons and buckles from old clothes can be made to look like new when brushed over with a clear nail varnish. If gloss becomes dull after washing, brush again. They usually keep the new look for some time after the first treatment.—Mrs. A. R. Taylor, 17 Middle Avenue, South Johnstone, Nth. Qld.

DISCARDED ladders can be used to make a hanging garden. Fix securely to wall and attach flower-pots to rungs by strong wires.



FIESTA CREAMS by BROCKHOFF

baked oven-crisp



Buy them from your grocer—loose from the tin, or in stay-fresh 5 lb. packets.

All the fun of the fair... Brockhoff Fiesta Creams capture your imagination as you choose from eight bright, fun-filled creams all in the one assortment. Natural fruit flavours are captured between crunchy, oven-crisp biscuit. Try Fiesta Creams, an exciting cream biscuit assortment from Brockhoff... always in good taste.

Orange, Chocolate, Custard, Raspberry, Coffee, Coconut, Nut Sundae, Lemon.

POTTERY BY DAVID AND HERMIA BOYD.

OUR TRANSFER



BRIDESMAIDS and floral sprays to decorate linens are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 222. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

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ZF1706

ROOF-OFF VIEW of the house to decorate for Section 1. Floor plan showing numbered walls appeared last week.

The contest covers a wide range of household talents. You may be clever at interior decorating, doing renovations, or making furniture or toys.

Skill at one or all of these could win you a large prize in one of the sections of the contest or the grand champion prize of £1000.

It's worth trying. Many entries have already been received from men, especially in the furniture and renovations sections.

Twenty more progress prizes of £5 each from all sections are announced below. There will be two more weeks of twenty progress prizes each before the contest closes on October 2.

You can send as many entries as you wish, but, remember, **THE COUPON** (on this page) **MUST BE ATTACHED TO EACH ENTRY.**

SECTION 1 — HOUSE INTERIOR

On this page is a roof-off drawing of a six-room house.

You must choose four of the six rooms and plan a decorating scheme for each of the four — choosing hardboard for the ceiling, walls, and any built-in furniture shown in the house plan. Use hardboard in the various textures available.

These textured hardboards can supply your color scheme or you can choose colors in paint on the plain hardboard.

When you set out your entry, follow the numbers on the walls shown on the floor plan published last week and in previous weeks. (See details

of house, which is Plan No. 301 in our Home Plan Service, in August 9 issue.)

When you have decided on colors and textures, make up a list, numbering each wall of each of the four rooms as were shown on the floor plan,

tables, or screens can be made from hardboard — textured or plain.

Your entry should contain a drawing or photograph of the piece of furniture and, if possible, drawings of the separate pieces used, with measurements marked and brief instructions for making. Drawings must be clear.

made alterations to your house, using hardboard, that you could describe.

You may have used panels of hardboard to surface walls which were too badly damaged to be repaired or perhaps you used hardboard sheets to build in a verandah or add a new room to the home.

A photograph or rough but clear drawing should be sent with description of the repair.

SPECIAL SECTION—TOYS OR SMALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Hardboard can be used for dolls' furniture, a doll's house, toy motor-cars or trains, and small items like table-mats or trays. Once again, send drawings or photographs with measurements and instructions for making.

(Do not send in the actual article.)

How to enter

Entries, addressed to "Hardboard in the Home" Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, must be delivered by 5 p.m., Monday, October 2. Add the number of the section and your name and address to every page.

Conditions of the contest were published in our August 9 issue.

THE PRIZES GRAND CHAMPION

Chosen from any of Sections 1, 2, 3	£1000
Section 1—First Prize	£100
Section 1—Second Prize	£50
Section 2—First Prize	£100
Section 2—Second Prize	£50
Section 3—First Prize	£100
Section 3—Second Prize	£50

Three prizes of £5 each in Sections 1, 2, 3.

SPECIAL SECTION

First Prize	£30
Second Prize	£25

Each week for four weeks a total of 20 progress prizes of £5 each in any or all of the four sections.

then adding the ceiling color or texture.

For this section send a written entry or use the special entry guide.

Two special guides are available at all hardware stores that stock Masonite and from all our Home Planning Centres (addresses on page 59). One guide shows samples of Masonite colors and textures.

The other guide shows "exploded" views of each room, enabling you to experiment with various colors and gain a clear picture of the completed room.

SECTION 2 — BUILT-IN AND MOVABLE FURNITURE

Cupboards, bookshelves, small tables, wardrobes, vanity

SECTION 3 — HOUSE RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

Perhaps you have already

COUPON

HARDBOARD IN THE HOME CONTEST

"The Australian Women's Weekly,"
Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney

Name
Address
State
Section
Nearest Masonite Dealer (if known)

TWENTY PROGRESS PRIZE WINNERS

£5 each to —

Mrs. R. Ashmore, 18 Kars Street, Maryborough, Vic.
Mrs. Hazel Bodle, 14 Amourin Street, Brookvale, N.S.W.
Mrs. W. C. Boulter, 20 Lamb Street, Bundaberg, Qld.
Mrs. R. J. Bryant, 7 Lexington Street, Vermont, Vic.
Mrs. E. Charlton, 12 Canberra Road, Toorak, Vic.
Mrs. R. W. Chevalier, Hiltaba Station, via Port Augusta, S.A.
Miss Margaret Debenham, 40 Hunter Street, Strathfield, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. Donald, 132 Little Street, Forster, N.S.W.
Miss J. N. Hawke, Box 1, P.O., Katoomba, N.S.W.
Mr. B. E. Gorenc, 4 Stockdale Road, Traralgon, Vic.

Mr. J. S. Gray, 272 Bridge Street, Toowoomba, Qld.
Mrs. S. A. Jones, Main Street, Penguin, Tas.
Mrs. J. B. Lavery, C/o Post Office, Stanhope, Vic.
Mrs. R. P. O'Hara, 17 Croydon Avenue, Croydon, N.S.W.
Mrs. Joan McArthur, 40 Chauvel Street, Reservoir, Vic.
Mrs. D. D. Rieck, 55 Minnie Street, Southport, Qld.
Mr. A. D. Skinner, "Bougainville," Govett Street, Katoomba, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. Weir, 96 Goodwin Street, Lynham, Canberra, A.C.T.
Mr. Eric Willis, 25 Taringa Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.
Mr. Peter Wilson, State School, Meringur, Vic.

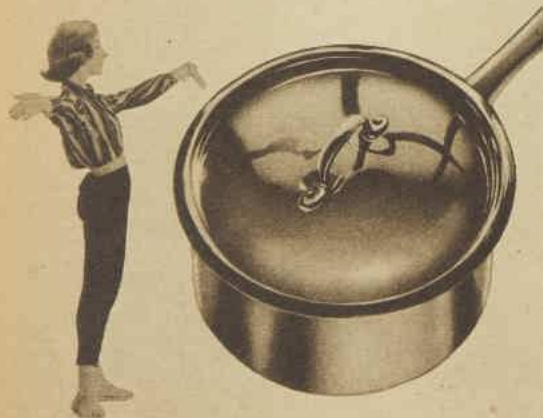
CHEST OF DRAWERS
— Progress prize entry by Mr. Gorenc in Section 2, of Timbertone, Presdwood, and timber.



Measurements — 3ft. 6in. long by 1ft. 5in. wide by 2ft. 4in. high with legs (8in.).

for beauty and utility choose

brass & copper



keep them gleaming beautifully with

BRASSO

Copper Souzpan—David Jones, Sydney.



A mother's story

• The doctor told her "never do two big jobs in one day." Now, says this £20 prize winning article, she has more free time with six children than she had with only one.

"My happy household"

By MRS. TERESE SHORT, Strathfield, N.S.W.

• If people had told me 16 years ago that I would have six children, three girls and three boys aged from 15 years to two, I would have thought them mad. But I have, and enjoy every day of them.

MY only regret is that time is flying too quickly.

I have more free time now than when I had only one child.

The five eldest all have their own jobs organised from early morning. They make their own beds and tidy their rooms.

My eldest girl dusts the house and does the two bathrooms before school, and while the two eldest boys clear the breakfast dishes and wash and wipe up I pack the lunches.

I can have the house tidied by 9.30, then get started on my "big" jobs—washing, ironing, house-cleaning, or the weekly shopping.

At night again the three

eldest clear the table and wash and wipe up. My husband and I get time then to ourselves and talk over our day.

Years ago, when telling the family doctor how tired I always felt, he told me never to do two "big" jobs a day. "If you wash," he said, "don't iron till next day."

Midweek outing

"And relax for an hour a day. If you can't lie down, sit down."

I have done that, and have found that I do not get so bad-tempered, and have more patience with the children.

In all, I have two and a half days off a week.

Wednesday I keep free, either to go out or to have a friend over for lunch.

Saturday afternoons and after church on Sundays I do only the "necessaries."

Meals then are quick-and-easy-to-prepare ones; we garden, go to the beach, or just stay home and watch television, or go to sporting fixtures for the children's schools — our plans are always flexible.

I bless the persons who perfected one-egg cake mixes and sliced bread — two ways I "cut corners".

I bake two varieties of cake on Saturday mornings and another two while preparing the tea on Tuesdays.

That way I keep the lunch-boxes filled.

My other friends are the washing-machine and steam iron.

With them I manage two big washes a week—the worst part being the folding up.

After many years of "baby-sitters," my eldest now has the job, and my husband and I usually have one night out a week, dancing, pictures, or visiting friends. We enjoy one another's company, but we are always glad to get back to our "brood."

Mothercraft

Baby's Clothes

• Patterns of a simple and practical complete set of baby's first clothes are always obtainable at The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. (Price 3/6 for the set, post free.)

Note: When ordering, please write name and forwarding address clearly.

FANTASTIC GLAMOUR! TRY EXOTICA GOLD OR SILVER HAIR SPRAY FOR GALA OCCASIONS!

Won't dust off! Not a dye or bleach!
Washes out in one shampoo!

Exotica gives you a real beauty-lift in seconds! Easy to use as lipstick. Spray a streak in your hair. Or change your whole personality with a fabulous silver-blond or golden-redhead effect. Exotica is a precious hair spray that holds your waves softly in place. Choose Gold... Silver or Gold-bronze. You can wear it for days... simply brush your hair before you re-set or change your hair style. Exotica is a wonderful beauty-trick for those special dinner-dates and balls. Buy Exotica today, right now... and dazzle him tonight! Aerosol cans of Exotica last for ages, cost only 18/6.

Brunette Kathy Murrell's solid Gold hair-do caused a fashion stir at exclusive city Yacht Club. "I was so tired of dark hair," she laughed, "so I sprayed-n-brushed my hair with Exotica until it was completely GOLDEN-blond." (Magnificent with her white gown & gold clutch-bag.)



Model June Massey sprayed a streak of SILVER from her temple. (Top marks for good fashion; she wore her 'SILVER streak' with a Silver Mink stole!)



BRONZE
SILVER
GOLD

EXOTICA
HAIR SPRAY



AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 13, 1961

Walls need a balanced look

Once you've made the big decision to modernise your house with hardboard, and have worked out which Masonite products you will use... stop and do some more planning.

A quiet couple of hours when the children are in bed, spent with pencil and paper deciding how to position the sheets of hardboard on your walls will be time well spent.

If you are proposing to make feature walls in a new house, or are putting up stud-ding to carry hardboard in old construction, make sure you have studs at 16in. centres when you are using 4ft. hardboard, and at 18in. centres for 4ft. 6in. hardboard.

You will need only one extra stud every 12ft. to put up a wall using 4ft. hardboard or feature hardboard.

In new construction, or additions to existing dwellings, you have the advantage of being able to place door and window openings to give the most economical use of hardboard consistent with a pleasant, balanced appearance.

In timber buildings or old construction, where you have to consider the position of studs, for nailing or adhesively securing the hardboard, the problem becomes more complicated.

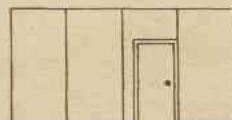
In either case, where you are relying on the decorative value of texture hardboard for your final effect, the question of balance is very important.

By balance, I mean where the lines of joining occur on a wall.

If you start to sheath a wall at one corner, and press on, governed only by the width of the board, you are likely



YES. For best effect from walls of feature hardboard, place doors at the end of the wall. This simplifies joining.



NO. In new buildings, avoid putting a door in the middle of feature walls, as this upsets the balance of panels.

to wind up with a lopsided-looking arrangement.

This does nothing to improve the dimensions of your room, and fails to bring out the decorative importance of the hardboard.

The simplest example is where do-it-yourself home-makers set about covering an uninterrupted wall (one without doors or windows) with texture hardboard.

On first sight the problem looks similar to putting up a wallpaper.

If you want to use textured hardboard in this fashion, treat the joints by methods described in my article of August 23.

But by using modern metal mouldings to make a feature of the joints you can get more striking and dramatic effects.

This treatment requires thought in deciding where the joints should be placed.

Stand back and have a good look at your wall, not only from inside the room but also from other points of vision.

Study it from down the hall, or where other rooms give a perspective of the wall, and then draw up a plan to

Deep drive panel pins. Deep drive panel pins are a new way to secure hardboard to walls or ceilings.

Their big advantage is their shape, which does away with the laborious punching required by old-style panel pins.



1. Hardboard nail. 2. Deep-drive panel pin. 3. Cadmium-coated nail. 4. Cement-coated nail. 5. Wallboard nail.

When hit home, the tapered head leaves a ready-made hole which is easily stopped up before the hardboard is painted.

Hardboard nails. These can be used where deep-drive panel pins are unobtainable. They are suitable for walls and ceiling fixing.

Panel pins. For cabinet work, built-ins, and so on, these are quite satisfactory, but the 16 gauge size should be used; 17 or 18 are too light.

Cadmium-coated nails. These are the same shape as hardboard nails, and are for use with emulsified paints, as the special coating prevents corrosion and rust when the nails are painted in.

Wallboard nails. Your hardware dealer may offer you these instead of hardboard nails. They are not as good for most use, as they have a flat, smooth head, which will stand out on the surface of your work.

Joisthead nails. Avoid these, as the head is the wrong shape for hardboard use. It pushes up the fibres, and gives a mound on the face of the board.

Cement-coated nails. Where you need extra holding power, these are the nails for the job. The baked-on coating gives up to 50 per cent. more "grip" than a steel nail, and is very good where vibration is a problem.

Ring barbed nails. The serrations around the neck of this nail "pull down" hardboard tight to joists or studs. This is a very good nail for fixing hardboard underlays for floor coverings.

Screws are rarely used on hardboard.

When nailing hardboard, start nailing at the centre of the sheet. Where this is difficult, start at one end and "iron out" the sheet as you go.

Nail at 4in. to 6in. centres along the edge of the board, 12in. to 18in. centres through the body of the sheet, and at 8in. centres on the ceiling.

A 12ft. x 4ft. panel needs about 150 nails. There are about 1000 nails in a 1lb. packet.

Next Week:
Do's and don'ts when painting hardboard

(ADVERTISEMENT)



This article is No. 6 in a special series on the uses of hardboard in the modern home.

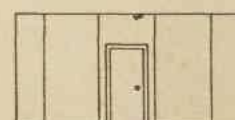
By MICK
MARSHALL
Building Trades
Adviser

follow when fixing the hardboard sheets.

Sketches give suggestions for treatment of difficult walls with 4ft.-wide texture finished hardboard.

Sometimes a small amount of hardboard must be sacrificed to get joints to fall where you want them.

The spare lengths are certain to find good use in your overall remodelling scheme, and you'll find there will be no waste in the end.



YES. Problem of this difficult door is solved by framing it with a 4ft. sheet of texture hardboard, balanced by 2ft. widths at each end.



NO. Panels joined over a doorway look ugly. The badly placed joint gives a makeshift air to the wall.

If you cannot finally decide where the joints should go, get the advice of your Masonite dealer.

Turning to mechanical fixing, which means all ways of making hardboard stay in place other than by sticking it to supports with adhesives, you have a wide choice of nails, screws, pins, and so on.

The following are recommended for particular jobs.

NESCAFÉ OFFER REPEATED!

Save
more than half
on this
Nescafé
Coffee Carafe

THIS
CARAFE
COMPLETE
ONLY

35!

PLUS 3/-
POSTAGE

RETAIL VALUE—4 GUINEAS

Last year's Nescafé carafe offer was such an outstanding success, we felt that this year's offer should be even better. And it is. This beautiful carafe is even more luxurious than last year's at an even better saving to you. **You save more than half!**

Retail Value: 4 guineas. Price to you, only 35/-. This tall, elegant carafe will complement the finest table setting, yet is completely practical. It makes six full cups, pours easily, never drips. Candle-warmer base keeps coffee piping hot for second cups.

Here is real value: This genuine Agee Pyrex carafe comes complete with heat-resistant handle, gold band trim. Base is in matt-black and gold. Here's the perfect way to serve your favourite coffee—Nescafé. This beautiful set is yours for just 35/- (plus 3/- for postage). Send for yours soon.



MAIL COUPON TODAY . . .

To: THE NESTLÉ COMPANY,
Box 190, Crows Nest, New South Wales.

Please send me a coffee carafe and stand. I enclose Money Order, Postal Note or Cheque for 38/- (price 35/- plus 3/- postage) and a Nescafé label* to cover full purchase price, all postage and handling charges. I understand that unless I am completely satisfied, my money will be refunded in full.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

*Label not required when this contravenes state law.

NE390/61



NESCAFÉ 43 BEANS IN EVERY CUP!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1961

KIDNEY TROUBLES?

like this.
Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S

MENTHOLIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.
The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLIDS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.
If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headache, start the MENTHOLIDS treatment today. MENTHOLIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 5/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS



JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle guide back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS

in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/- everywhere. FTS

FORD PILLS

SWELLING

Rub THIS in and it DISAPPEARS!

BAUME DIALET is a hot ointment which has been so successful in the Continent for centuries that now it is up in this country. You rub it in and it DISAPPEARS and so, too, in a very short time, does the painful swelling and the hot, tired, aching throbs, and you feel like a young man again! Yes, BAUME DIALET sinks right in—releasing powerful healing ingredients to do the wonderful work right at the root of the trouble. Next time you have to "rub your poor toe", rub it with pimple-killing BAUME DIALET. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DIALET—1/- a tube.



VENCAT THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

SOLVE YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Rates on application

LESSON 27: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

PASTAS

—How to cook and serve

THE word pasta, as the name implies, denotes foods made from a simple paste or dough which can be used in an almost endless variety of dishes. The basic ingredients for this paste are flour (of a rich gluten content) and water. Enriching ingredients such as egg-yolks can be added to some varieties.

Pasta has been a much-used type of food in Europe for 700 years, and is now becoming increasingly popular with Australians.

Some housewives, especially those of Italian descent, make their own pastas, but ready-made pastas are also sold in great variety at all food stores.

VARIETIES

These can be classified as follows:

(1) Obtainable in packaged or dried form. Macaroni: The larger pasta varieties. Can be bought in many different shapes and sizes.

Spaghetti: One of the best-known types, it consists of long, round pieces.

Vermicelli: Similar to spaghetti but much thinner.

Noodles: Flat "ribbons" of pasta. Their breadth varies from approximately 1/4 in. to very fine varieties. Can be bought in lengths or bundles.

Lasagna: Similar to noodles but wider. May have fluted or patterned edges.

Tagliatelle: Flat ribbon-like type of noodle. (2) Obtainable only as made-up dishes and in tins.

Ravioli: Pasta dough made into small squares and stuffed with meat or cheese mixture.

Cannelloni: Small sheets of a dough similar to that used for ravioli. Filled with savory mixture, rolled and baked.

Gnocchi: Version of pasta made from semolina or potato dough and formed into dumplings or similar shapes before cooking.

COOKING METHODS

All pastas should be cooked for 10 to 20 minutes, according to size, in large quantity of salted water. When cooked, immediately strain into colander, rinsing under hot or cold water if saucepan was not large enough to contain sufficient water to permit the paste to roll round freely. Return paste to saucepan with a little butter and cover until ready to serve.

VARIED RECIPES USING PASTAS

• The following selection of recipes shows how pastas can be made into interesting and varied dishes.

MACARONI SALAD

Half cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch dry mustard, pinch sugar, 1 lb. elbow macaroni (cooked, drained, and cooled), 3 rashers bacon (cooked and diced), 1 small onion (grated), 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Combine oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, mustard, and sugar. Place in screw-top jar, shake well together. Combine macaroni, bacon, onion, capers, parsley, and mayonnaise in salad bowl, pour dressing over, toss thoroughly. Arrange the quartered tomatoes and eggs round sides. Serve immediately.

CHICKEN TETRAZZINI

One boiling fowl, 4 pieces celery, parsley sprigs, 1 onion (quartered), salt, stock or water, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 lb. mushrooms (sliced), 3 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, 8 oz. noodles (cooked and drained), breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Place fowl in saucepan with celery, parsley, onion, salt. Add stock or water barely to cover. Place on heat, bring to boil, cover, simmer very gently until bird is tender. Remove and cool, reserving stock. Take meat from bones,

Pastas should not be cooked too far ahead of time, because some brands are inclined to become sticky on standing.

BASIC RECIPES

The following are recipes for the most common types of made-up pasta dishes:

Ravioli: Sift two cups of flour into bowl. Make well in centre, add 3 egg-yolks. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt and 3 tablespoons water. Work into flour, kneading until stiff dough is formed, adding more water if necessary. Allow dough to stand 30 minutes. Divide into two portions, roll out one as thinly as possible. Place teaspoons of previously prepared filling on dough, spacing these 2 in. apart in each direction. Roll out remaining dough, place carefully on top, moistening outside edges. Press layers of dough together, pressing carefully round each mound of filling. Cut into squares with pastry-wheel or sharp knife. Drop into large saucepan of boiling salted water, cook 10 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Ravioli can be served with piquant tomato sauce or with grated cheese and melted butter.

Cannelloni: Make up dough as for ravioli. Roll out thinly, cut into rectangles approximately 3 in. x 4 in. Prepare desired filling, spread mixture on to each rectangle. Roll up rectangles like sponge-rolls, place in baking-dish. Cover with piquant-flavored sauce, sprinkle with cheese, bake 10 minutes in moderately hot oven.

Semolina Gnocchi: Place 1 pint milk, 3 oz. butter, pinch each of salt and nutmeg in saucepan and bring to boil. When boiling, sprinkle in 4 oz. semolina. Cook 15 to 20 minutes. Cool mixture slightly, add 2 beaten egg-yolks. Spread mixture on greased tray to cool. Cut into 2 in. rounds. Place in ovenproof dish, pour over well-flavored cheese sauce. Place in moderate oven until heated through. Dust with grated cheese before serving.

Potato Gnocchi: Boil 3 lb. potatoes until tender. Mash thoroughly. Stir in 2 beaten egg-yolks and 1 1/2 teaspoons salt. Work in sufficient flour to form fairly stiff dough. Amount of flour used depends on type of potatoes, but 1 1/2 cups is usually sufficient. Knead dough lightly, roll into finger-thin rolls, cut into 1 1/2 in. pieces. Flatten slightly with fork. Place approximately 6 cups of water in saucepan, add 1 tablespoon salt, bring to boiling point. Reduce heat until water is simmering, add about 15 gnocchi, cook gently until they rise to surface. Remove with perforated spoon, set aside while cooking remaining gnocchi. Can be served with melted butter, cheese, or any piquant-flavored sauce.

cut into pieces. Melt butter in saucepan, add mushrooms, saute until tender. Remove from heat, stir in flour, salt, pepper. Gradually add 2 cups reserved stock, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Cook 3 minutes, then place over hot water, stir in cream, chicken, and sherry. Cook further 5 minutes. Spread noodles in greased ovenproof dish, pour over chicken mixture, mix well together. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with extra butter, place under grill until topping is brown. Serve immediately.

SYRACUSE-STYLE VERMICELLI

Quarter cup olive oil, 1 onion (chopped), 1 clove garlic (minced), 2 green peppers (sliced), 8 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 eggplant (peeled and chopped), 12 black olives, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 small tin anchovies (drained and mashed), 1 teaspoon chilli sauce, 1/2 teaspoon oregano, 1 lb. vermicelli (cooked and drained).

Heat oil in saucepan, add the onion, garlic, and peppers; saute until soft. Add tomatoes and eggplant, cover, simmer gently 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in sliced pitted olives, capers, anchovies, chilli sauce, and oregano. Cook further 10 minutes. Taste for seasoning, pour over prepared vermicelli, reheat in moderate oven if necessary.

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serve this delightful dessert at your next party.

INGREDIENTS: 1 can sliced peaches; 4 egg whites; 1½ cups sugar; teaspoon vanilla; teaspoon vinegar; pinch salt. **METHOD:** Grease two 8" circles of paper. Add salt to egg whites, beat till stiff. Gradually beat in ¾ cup sugar. Mixture should be glossy and stand in peaks. Fold in remaining sugar. Stir in vinegar and vanilla. Spoon half of mixture on to each paper circle. Place on oven trays, and bake in slow oven for 1½ hours. Place 1 layer of sliced peaches between meringue rounds. Decorate top with sliced peaches and whipped cream.



AUSTRALIAN CANNED FRUIT
SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1961



LASAGNA, a casserole of beef and noodles, and a piquant way of serving salami are the dishes illustrated above. The recipes are given on this page.

Italian Cookery

● In this three-page feature are recipes typical of Italy in their colorful appearance and distinctive flavor. How to make pastas, see this week's Cookery Lesson on page 47.

AFTER trying the recipes, the housewife may adapt further the flavorings or ingredients to suit her family's tastes. For example, butter or other cooking fats could replace the oil. The quantities of garlic, herbs, and cheese could be decreased or increased as desired and Australian-made tasty cheese could be substituted for the authentic Parmesan.

Quantities in these recipes are sufficient for 4 or 6 servings. Level spoon measures and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

SPUMONE LAMPONE

Six egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, 2 egg-whites, 3 cups cream or chilled evaporated milk, grated rind 1 orange, 1 cup raspberry pulp (frozen, tinned, or fresh), a few walnuts, vanilla, extra sugar.

Put sugar and orange juice in pan and cook to light thread (approximately 260deg. F. measured with sweets thermometer). Beat egg-yolks until light and fluffy, slowly pour on syrup, and continue beating until it holds its shape. Mix in raspberry pulp, grated orange rind, half the cream. Turn into basin. Beat until stiff, add stiffly beaten egg-whites and nuts. Continue beating over basin of ice-cubes until set. Line shaped mould with this mixture, fill centre with remainder of cream whipped and flavored with vanilla and little sugar. Top with remaining raspberry ice-cream. Cover with greaseproof paper, freeze until firm, 2 or 3 hours. Remove paper, rub mould with hot cloth, turn out on very cold serving-dish. Decorate with extra whipped cream and walnuts. Serve at once.

LIVER ALLA VENEZIANA

Two pounds calf liver (thinly sliced), 3 cups thinly sliced onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil, sage, flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon meat extract, salt, pepper.

Saute onion in combined butter and oil with pinch of sage 3 minutes or until onion is lightly browned. Sprinkle liver with flour seasoned with salt, pepper. Add liver slices to onion, cook over high heat 5 minutes. Add parsley and meat extract.

LASAGNA

Quarter pound lasagna noodles (broad, frilly edged type), 2 tablespoons oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely minced beef, 1 large onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, 1 clove garlic, dash Tabasco sauce, 1 cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese.

Lift lasagna noodles into large saucepan of boiling salted water, being careful not to break up the long pieces. Cook approximately 15 minutes. Drain, stand aside. Heat oil in frying-pan, add minced beef and cook until browned all over, stirring constantly. Remove meat from pan, add chopped onion, celery, crushed garlic; cook until tender. Add sauces, puree, water, seasonings, and parsley. Bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes. Pour thin layer of this mixture into bottom of casserole, cover with layer of noodles, then meat, cottage cheese, and grated cheese. Repeat layers until casserole is filled. Finish with generous sprinkling of grated cheese. Bake, covered, in moderate oven 30 minutes.

RISOTTO ALLA MILANESE

Three cups rice, 4oz. butter, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 clove chopped garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken stock, 4oz. small mushrooms, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 cups finely chopped prawns, 2 cups freshly grated Parmesan cheese, salt, pepper.

Heat oil with half the butter in heavy pan. Add chopped onion and garlic, cook slowly 2 minutes. Add rice, cook slowly another 2 minutes. Cover with stock, add mushrooms, lemon juice, prawns; season with salt and pepper, stir over heat until mixture boils. Cover, simmer 25 to 30 minutes. Remove, stir in carefully with fork the remainder of butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated cheese. Serve in casserole with remaining cheese served separately.

SALAMI HORS-D'OEUVRES

One pound salami, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Cut salami into thin slices, place in shallow dish. Pour over oil, lemon juice and rind, salt and pepper. Allow to stand 1 hour, turning once. Serve.

TORTA DI NOCI

Six ounces walnuts or other nuts, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. grated chocolate or cocoa, 1oz. chopped candied peel, 4 eggs, vanilla flavoring.

Pound nuts with sugar and work to smooth paste. Add chocolate, egg-yolks, and vanilla; mix thoroughly. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture with the chopped peel. Pour mixture into pie-dish which has been buttered and dusted with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

AGNELLO ALL' USO ROMANO

One tablespoon oil, 5lb. leg of lamb, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 clove garlic (minced), 1 teaspoon rosemary, 2 teaspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 anchovies (chopped).

Heat oil in roasting-pan or Dutch oven. Add lamb, brown well on all sides over high heat. Add salt, pepper, garlic, rosemary, and continue browning 10 minutes. Sprinkle lamb with flour and press it into meat with back of wooden spoon. Add vinegar and water. Cover, cook over low heat 2 hours or until tender, adding little extra water if necessary. Mix anchovies with little gravy and return to pan. Cook 1 minute longer.

ZUPPA DI FAGIOLI ALLA FLORENTINA

One pound haricot beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ small red cabbage (shredded), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint tomato puree, 3 onions, 4 small slices brown bread, 2 leeks, 3 sticks celery, 1 clove garlic (crushed), few sprigs of thyme and rosemary (or use dried variety), salt, pepper, 4 tablespoons oil, stock.

Soak beans overnight in water; drain. Place in large saucepan with the bread, chopped onions, leeks, celery, oil, garlic, and cabbage. Add seasonings, tomato puree, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock. Bring to the boil, simmer gently $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, adding more stock or tomato puree if necessary. Serve piping hot. This soup will be rather thick, so if desired more stock and tomato puree can be added during cooking.

Continued overleaf

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



FRUIT AND NUT CREAM CHEESE

Quarter-pound cream cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1oz. ground almonds, 1oz. can-

died orange peel (thinly sliced), 1oz. mixed raisins and sultanas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel, 2oz. sugar, extra sugar.

Cream the cheese thoroughly, gradually stir in the beaten egg-yolk. Beat in almonds, orange peel, raisins and sultanas, lemon peel, and sugar; beat well. Serve slightly chilled, accompanied by extra bowl of sugar.

RAVIOLI

One quantity of pasta (see Cookery Course lesson in this issue), 1lb. minced beef, 1lb. minced pork, 1 sliced onion, 1 sliced carrot, 1 stick celery (chopped), 1 cup white wine, pepper, 1 pint stock, 1 dessertspoon tomato

sauce, 1oz. butter, 2oz. breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, grated cheese.

Heat butter in pan, add the carrot, onion, celery slices, and brown. Stir in the minced meats, cook for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add wine, tomato sauce, and seasoned stock; simmer or bake in slow oven 1 hour. Mix in breadcrumbs and well-beaten egg. Divide pasta in halves, roll each very thinly. Put teaspoonfuls of meat mixture on to one piece of pasta at 1 1/2 in. intervals. Cover with the other piece of pasta, then cut into squares. Cook in boiling stock until pieces rise to top. Serve in the stock with grated cheese.

CANNELLONI

Dough: Four cups flour, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Mix the flour, eggs, and salt to firm dough, adding water if needed. The dough should be very dry. Cover with cloth, leave 1 hour. Roll out thinly, cut into strips 3 in. by 5 in. Boil 5 minutes in salted water; drain well.

Filling: Two cups cottage cheese, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon chopped garlic, salt, black pepper, 2oz. butter, grated Parmesan cheese.

Cream the cream cheese until smooth, mix in cottage cheese, egg,

garlic, salt and pepper. Place heaped spoonful into centre of each strip of dough. Fold over, arrange in baking-dish. Melt butter, carefully pour over cannelloni. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

Sauce: Two tablespoons oil, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 1 clove crushed garlic, 6 skinned sliced tomatoes, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 1/2 cups raw minced veal, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1/2 cup chicken stock, salt, pepper.

Heat oil, add chopped onion and garlic. Cook slowly 2 minutes, then add sliced tomatoes. Cook briskly 3 minutes, stir in tomato paste, flour finely minced veal, parsley, and chicken stock; season to taste. Stir over heat until it comes to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Pour over cannelloni and cheese. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Remove, serve hot with Parmesan cheese.

PEACH RIPIENE

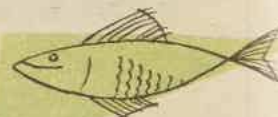
Six peaches, 4 small sponge fingers or 12 macaroons, 2oz. almonds, 1oz. mixed peel, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup white wine.

Cut peaches in halves, peel, and remove stones. Prepare stuffing. Crumble or crush sponge or macaroons, place in small bowl. Chop peel and almonds finely, add to mixture in bowl; mix well. Spoon little into peach cavities, secure halves together with cocktail sticks; place in well-greased baking-dish. Sprinkle with sugar, pour over the wine. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve.

**SCAMPI WITH RISOTTO
PIEDMONTAISE**

Three dozen prawns, seasoned flour, 1 beaten egg, 1 dessertspoon paprika, 2 cups fine white breadcrumbs, 5oz. butter, 1 finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, 2 cups rice, 5 cups chicken stock, 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Shell and de-vein prawns, leaving tails on. Cut prawns from head almost



through to tail, so forming "butterflies." Dust lightly with flour, dip in beaten egg. Mix paprika with the breadcrumbs, toss prawns in this mixture. Heat 3oz. of the butter in pan, fry prawns until golden brown. Drain, arrange on a hot serving-dish. Prepare risotto: Melt 2oz. of butter in pan, add chopped onion, salt, pepper, and cook gently until softened but not brown. Add rice, stir over heat until well coated with butter, stir in chicken stock and continue stirring until mixture boils. Cover, simmer gently 25 minutes, top with Parmesan cheese. Cover again, stand 10 minutes, then carefully mix in the cheese. Serve this rice with the prawns.

VEAL CUTLETS ALLA BOLOGNESE

Six veal cutlets, 1 egg (beaten), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1/2 cup lard or oil, 6 slices cooked ham, 1 cup milk, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch oregano, pepper.

Beat egg with 2 tablespoons water. Dip cutlets in egg mixture then into breadcrumbs which have been combined with 2 tablespoons of the cheese, salt and pepper. Sauté in hot lard or oil 10 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain off lard or oil. Top each cutlet with ham, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Combine milk, tomato puree, sauce, salt, pepper, and oregano, add to cutlets. Cover, simmer 25 minutes.

SEDANI ALLA PARMIGIANA

One large head celery, 3 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup stock, 1/2 cup chopped ham or bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1/2 cup grated Gruyere cheese.

Wash celery thoroughly, remove leaves. Cut into 1/2 in. slices. Melt butter in large pan, add celery, and sauté 5 minutes, stirring gently so as not to break up slices. Add stock, ham, salt and pepper. Cover, cook over medium heat 15 minutes. Drain carefully. Arrange celery in greased dish, sprinkle grated cheeses over top. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes or until cheese is delicately browned.

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Concluding ITALIAN COOKERY

CHOCOLATE MOULD WITH LIQUEUR CREAM

Mould: Three ounces cocoa, 3oz. butter, 3oz. ground almonds, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 3oz. butter biscuits.

Cream butter with cocoa, add ground almonds. Dissolve sugar in little hot water. Add to butter mixture; beat well. Add beaten egg and egg-yolk to mixture and lastly fold in biscuits which have been broken into small pieces. Pour into well-oiled or wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with the following:

Liqueur Cream: One pint cream, 1 cup liqueur (rum, brandy, or Kirsch), 2oz. sugar.

Pour cream into basin, leave to thicken and turn slightly sour, or turn it sour with lemon juice. Strain through muslin, beat in sugar and liqueur. Serve slightly chilled.

RABBIT WITH MARSALA

One onion, 1 carrot, 1 stick celery, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 large rabbit, seasoned flour, 1 cup Marsala, 1lb. tomatoes (skinned and chopped into quarters), 1 pint water, salt, pepper, marjoram, 1 eggplant, 1 red or green pepper.

Slice onion, carrot, and celery, fry in hot oil in deep pan until brown. Cut rabbit in sections, toss in seasoned flour. Add to pan and

brown. Pour over the wine, simmer gently 5 minutes. Add tomatoes and water, season with salt, pepper, and marjoram. Cover, cook slowly 45 minutes. Cut eggplant into cubes and pepper into slices. Add them to pan, cook further 30 minutes. Serve hot.

COFFEE SORBET

Five tablespoons coffee, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint water.

Place coffee and sugar in earthenware jug, pour the boiling water over. Allow to stand until cold and then strain through fine sieve. Pour into ice-cream freezer trays, freeze until firm. Crush lightly to serve.



STUFFED LETTUCE

Four small round lettuce, 2 anchovy fillets, 1 teaspoon capers, 1 teaspoon olive oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup white wine, 1 tablespoon olive oil, salt, pepper.

Stuffing: Two ounces breadcrumbs, 12 black olives, 6 anchovy fillets, 1oz. salt, 1 teaspoon capers, 1 clove garlic, parsley.

Stone and chop olives. Chop 6 anchovy fillets, parsley, and garlic. Mix these with other stuffing ingredients. Moisten with olive oil, season with salt, pepper. Put little stuffing between leaves of lettuce, tie up tops with string. Melt oil in large pan, chop 2 anchovy fillets and garlic, put into pan with capers. Add little water, and carefully arrange lettuce in pan. Cover, simmer gently 1 hour. Pour in wine, cook further 10 minutes before serving.

ZUPPA DI PESCE

Three pounds mixed haddock, snapper, herring or other fish (chopped), 1 small lobster (chopped), 1lb. prawns (shelled), 1lb. squid (optional), 1 chopped onion, 1 stalk celery with leaves, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup oil, 2 cloves garlic (minced), 1 bayleaf (crumbled), 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon basil, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 cup dry white wine, 1 1/2 cups chopped peeled tomatoes, pinch saffron, 1 tablespoon salt, black pepper, 6 slices bread, water.

Combine in saucepan 1 quart water, onion, celery, vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt with the fish bones, lobster shells. Simmer 20 minutes. Strain, put broth aside. Meanwhile cut fish, squid, and lobster meat into bite-size pieces. Sauté prawns in half the oil with garlic, bayleaf, thyme, basil, and parsley 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add fish broth, wine, tomatoes, pinch saffron, remaining salt, pepper. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fold fish, squid, and lobster into mixture, simmer further 10 minutes. Serve with slices of bread fried in remaining oil.

CHICKEN LIVER CROUTONS

One pound chicken livers, 2oz. bacon or cooked ham (diced), 4 slices bread (cut into small squares and fried in oil until browned), 1lb. butter, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, seasoned flour, 1 pint stock, salt, pepper.

Melt butter in pan, add ham and brown. Toss livers (which have been soaked in salted water 15 minutes) in seasoned flour. Add to pan, stir until sealed. Stir in the stock and lemon juice, season with salt, pepper. Simmer slowly about 15 minutes or until livers are tender. Arrange croutons in hot serving-dish, pour over the piping-hot liver mixture. Serve.

TAGLIATELLI WITH BACON AND MUSHROOM SAUCE

Three-quarters of a pound tagliatelli (or any other pasta), 1lb. mushrooms, 1lb. bacon, 1lb. butter, 1lb. grated cheese, salt, pepper.

Cook pasta in boiling salted water until tender. Meanwhile melt butter in saucepan, add the sliced mushrooms and bacon (finely chopped). Cook slowly until mushrooms are soft (about 15 minutes). Season with salt and pepper, add cheese. Drain pasta, keep hot over pan of hot water. Just before serving combine together the pasta and sauce.

GNOCCHI ALLA PIEDMONTAISE

One pound potatoes, salt, 3oz. flour, 1 egg-yolk, pepper, extra flour, 2oz. butter (melted), 6oz. grated Parmesan cheese.

Boil or steam potatoes until tender and while still hot rub through fine sieve. Mix in the flour, egg, and egg-yolk, season with salt and pepper. With floured hands, roll into small balls the size of walnut, then flatten out into shape of small cylinders. Poach in boiling salted water 10 minutes. Drain, serve with the melted butter and cheese sprinkled over the top.

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GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES

● Spring has come, and it's vegetable-growing time. So here is a four-page guide, including a seed-sowing calendar and a chart that shows how to rotate backyard crops.



KOHLRABI, or turnip-rooted cabbage, is a favorite vegetable in many parts of Europe and is now being more commonly grown in Australia. Seed is sown in September and it's ready for first picking in 15 weeks. Bulbous stem is cooked like turnip or fried like potatoes; the young leaves are cooked like cabbage.



TOMATOES may be cultivated all the year where there is no danger of frost — but now is the popular planting time. Ground should be well dug and enriched, but not over-manured, as this will cause flowers to drop off. Give liquid manure when fruit is well formed. Variety shown is improved Grosse Lisse.



CUCUMBERS are grown on flat ground or low trellises. Seeds are usually sown by the half-dozen in an 18in. circle — later thinned out to two or three. Young shoots should be pinched out to encourage branching and fruit removed when ripe to encourage further bearing. Cucumbers are sensitive to frosts.



BETROOT, or red beet, is another delicious vegetable with several uses. The roots are boiled and either served hot or allowed to cool for salads. The leaves are most appetising cooked the same way as spinach or silver beet. Turnip-rooted types are the best for home-growing and are ready in about three months.



SQUASH come in many varieties, suitable for planting at all times of the year. They are grown in a similar fashion to cucumbers. They should be eaten when fresh, as they do not keep well. Early White Bush is the pie-shaped variety shown in this picture. The others are Golden Custard and Long White Bush.

Pictures by Stirling Macoboy



CARROTS can be sown from seed all the year round, and like a light, rich soil. Ground should be worked through with fertiliser and evenly broken up so the tender roots don't strike an obstacle and divide. As carrots are at their best freshly pulled and very young, sow a few seeds each week from now until March.

Here is your . . .



VEGETABLE SEED-SOWING CALENDAR

	N.S.W.	Q'land	Vic. & Tas.	S. Aust.	W. Aust.
BEANS					
Butter	August-February	January-December	September-February	August-February	August-March
French dwarf	August-February	January-December	September-February	August-February	August-March
Climbing	August-February	January-December	September-February	August-February	August-March
Lima	October-December	October-January	November-January	October-December	October-January
BEETROOT	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December
CABBAGE	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December
CARROT	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December
CELERY	September-December	September-March	September-March	September-February	September-March
CUCUMBER	September-December	September-January	October-January	September-December	September-January
EGGPLANT	September-November	September-November	October-December	September-November	September-November
LETTUCE	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December
MARROW	September-December	September-January	October-January	September-December	September-January
PARSNIP	October-January	October-February	September-June	October-January	October-February
PEA	February-July	October-February	November-February	October-January	October-February
PUMPKIN	September-January	September-November	October-December	September-November	September-November
RADISH	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December	January-December
SILVER BEET	Year round	Year round	Year round	Year round	Year round
SQUASH	September-December	September-December	September-December	September-December	September-December
SWEET CORN	September-January	September-January	September-January	September-December	September-January
TOMATO	September-January	September-January	September-November	September-December	September-January
TURNIP	September-December	September-January	September-November	September-December	September-January

. . And your backyard crop-rotation chart

ROTATION of crops means following in the same ground one crop with another of a very different kind, so that what nutrients the first has left in the soil may be used by the next. This also reduces the risk of diseases or pests peculiar to one plant.

Plants differ in their food requirements, some needing more of one nutrient and less of another.

For instance, green vegetables such as cabbages, silver beet, broccoli, and lettuce require heavy supplies of nitrogen, whereas root crops such as parsnips, carrots, beets, and turnips do not need so much nitrogen, but require plenty of phosphoric acid.

For that reason, if the ground is well manured for greens it will still carry considerable phosphate when the vegetables are harvested, and probably enough to raise a good crop of root vegetables.

While strict rotation cannot always be carried out in the home garden, a three-year rotation can be devised by dividing the vegetable plot into three equal parts, devoting one area to root crops or potatoes, one to greens of various kinds, and the other to beans, peas or tomatoes, eggplants or cucurbits.

The plot for greens should be heavily manured; the plot for beans, peas, tomatoes, slightly less; and in the area for root crops only a balanced fertiliser should be used — no manure. If potatoes are grown instead of root crops, manure well.

PRINCIPAL CROP	CROPS IT MAY FOLLOW	CROPS IT MAY NOT FOLLOW
BEANS (dwarf or climbing)	Asparagus, broccoli, cabbages, cauliflowers, parsnips, carrots, potatoes.	Peas, beans (including broad).
BEETROOTS	Any crops but those in next column.	Spinach, turnips, parsnips, carrots.
CABBAGES, cauliflowers, brussels sprouts, kohlrabi	Peas, beans, potatoes, lettuces, onions, leeks, celery.	Cabbage family.
CARROTS, parsnips	Any except those in next column.	Any crops except root vegetables, celery, parsley.
CELERY	Any crops except those in next column.	Parsnips, carrots, parsley.
CUCUMBER, pumpkin, melons, squashes, marrows	Any root crop, potatoes, cabbage, beans, peas.	Any member of cucurbit family.
LEEKS, onions, shallots, chives	Cabbage family, celery, potatoes, peas, beans, lettuces, endive, silver beet.	Garlic, chives, onions, leeks, etc.
LETTUCE, endive	Asparagus, potatoes, peas, beans, cabbage family, kohlrabi.	Chicory, artichokes, salsify.
PEAS	Potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbage family.	Beans and other legumes.
POTATOES	Any except those in next column.	Carrots, parsnips, beets, salsify.
SILVER BEET, spinach	Peas, beans, cabbage, cauliflowers, lettuces.	Beets.
TOMATOES	Cabbage family, lettuce, spinach, beans, peas, etc.	Potatoes, eggplant, chillies, peppers.
TURNIPS	Potatoes, spinach, peas, beans, lettuces.	Any member of cabbage family.

Grow your own vegetables

(Continued from page 53)

BEANS

are fast growers and usually produce pods in about six weeks from sowing seeds. Manure the ground well and add superphosphate or a well-balanced fertiliser, which should be put well below the seed and covered with good topsoil.

What to grow depends largely on your district. Brown Beauty is a favorite in most States and crops well in good soil. Get certified seed if you can. Others are certified Hawkesbury Wonder, Wellington Wonder, Tweed Wonder, Windsor Long Pod, College Pride, and verified Hawkesbury & Tweed, a new variety. These are all dwarf types.

Stringless beans are labor-savers in the kitchen and should be grown where the family is large. Best varieties are Tendergreen Stringless, Seminole, and Pearl Green.

Climbing beans are few in number. Best varieties are Epicure, which is stringless and very tasty, Westralia, and

LETTUCES

are easy, provided your soil is in good fettle, so every home gardener should grow them and avoid paying high prices. Results are sometimes disappointing if the soil is not retentive of moisture and the young plants are not thinned or spaced out sufficiently.

Apply well-decayed manure now if planting immediately and dig the ground over well to mix in the humus.

The secret for good lettuces is to

keep them growing vigorously. Light applications of liquid manure or a complete fertiliser are helpful in soils of average fertility.

As soon as lettuces start to curl inwards, an indication that heading is about to start, feed with dilute sulphate of ammonia (2oz. to 4 gallons of water) after watering, or apply weekly doses of liquid cow manure.

Mignonette is a variety recommended for hot areas.

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CAPRICUMS, sometimes known as bell peppers or pimentos, are delicious served hot and seasoned or sliced in summer salads. The Japanese serve thin slices fried in light batter. They are cultivated the same way as tomatoes. "Red Cayenne" is a small hot variety, "Chinese Giant" a large mild one.



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Blue Lake Stringless. Seeds of Striped Zebra can sometimes be obtained. These are also stringless. Scarlet Runners are suitable for cold districts, and if seed of Streamliner can be obtained they will be found to grow up to 11in., producing huge fleshy pods of good flavor.

Lima beans aren't much grown today, but are very useful where dried beans are required. There are two sorts, dwarf (2ft.) and tall (6ft.). Sow October to December for best results, as they require long seasons for the production of their pods.

PEAS

You'll have to hurry with green peas in warm districts, but in cool districts (see sowing chart) you can still sow them. It is too late for good results in Sydney, although dwarf types may bear a crop if you sow promptly. On the cooler tablelands areas, however, and well down south, sowing is usually done at this time.

Rake in some balanced fertiliser or superphosphate. Space seeds 3 to 4in. apart in single or staggered rows, and provide wire-netting for support, even for the dwarf types. Allow 2ft. between rows. Water regularly.

CABBAGES

can still be sown in Sydney and through most of Australia, for they are regarded as year-round vegetables, provided the gardener sprays or dusts for the control of caterpillars and grey aphids.

Early Jersey, Wakefield, Sugar Loaf, Golden Acre, and Hybrid Jubilee Junior have small heads suitable for small families. Copenhagen Market and St. John's Day have medium heads, and Succession, Drumhead, Large White Brunswick, Enkhuizen Glory, Mammoth Red Rock, Slowburst, and Burpee's All-head are large varieties.

Sow in boxes of partly sterilised soil, and transplant to the well-manured, open garden. Feed fortnightly with weak liquid manure once the heads start to turn in their central leaves.

Chinese cabbage is grown here mainly as fowl-feed, but it is a delicious vegetable, resembling lettuce, if grown quickly. There are three varieties, Peking, Chi-hi-li, and Wongbok. All need good rich soil and ample water. Sow in beds or boxes during spring, and either thin out or transplant 12in. apart. Feed well with weak liquid manure.

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LUX LIQUID

A WASHING-UP MIRACLE

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GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES from page 55

PARSNIPS are easy if the soil is light and fertile. It has to be deep if the roots are to be long, and should be free of lumps and stones or they may be forked or split. Sow the seed thinly, and thin out to about 6in. Never add fresh manure or the roots will be hairy or forked.

TURNIPS need ground that was manured for a previous crop—no fresh manure on any account. Sow early in spring and again in January to March. Sow in rows, thin out to 6in., and water well. Spray regularly with DDT to check attacks of small grubs.

SWEET POTATO will produce well if the soil is moderately rich and sandy. Plant a tuber now in a moist spot and when the sprouts are about 8in. long break them off and set them out in well-manured patches 2ft. to 3ft. apart in rows 3ft. apart.

As this plant is a vine that will sprawl up to 15ft. from the roots, it should be given ample space. It pays to lift the vines every week and coil them to prevent them rooting all over the place. No vegetable stands drought better than the sweet potato.

EGGPLANT —or aubergine—is one of those vegetables that have become popular since the European migration got under way.

Seed should be sown when all risk of frost is over. Add plenty of old manure and some fresh wood ash to the soil, or a light sprinkling of sulphate of potash. Transplant 2ft. apart in rows 3ft. apart.

Eggplants are allergic to red spider attack and also to spotted wilt virus. Spray regularly with DDT emulsion to kill thrips, the carriers of wilt, and with miticide for the control of red spider.

SALSIFY —or "vegetable oyster" as it used to be called—is a root crop something like a parsnip in shape and flavor. Sow it now in ground that was manured for a previous crop, and treat it like parsnips and carrots—no fresh manure. It is a biennial and small plants left after the main crop has been harvested will increase in size the second year.

Salsify can be boiled and used as a vegetable, or sliced and added to soups or stews.

SOYBEANS have been grown here for years, but are not often seen in home gardens. They require soil and treatment similar to French beans. Space seeds of dwarf varieties 2in. apart in rows 2ft. 6in. apart. The taller varieties need double that space and should be given wire-netting for support.



CELERY can be sown from September to March where the soil is deep, black, and peaty. The two best varieties for most Australian conditions are South Australian White and Supreme Golden. The latter is self-blanching and doesn't need wrapping up or burying deeply, which the white varieties all do if the stems are to be white and clean. Sow seed in boxes and set out seedlings 12in. apart.

Celeriac is a stumpy-rooted member of the celery family. Sow seed in spring and summer where it is to be grown. It is much used in stews and soups and also makes a fine vegetable when boiled.

OKRA —or gumbo— has never been very popular here. This is a West Indian vegetable much loved by colored folk and Mexicans when converted into soup. The plants grow to about 18in. and produce pods about 2in. long. Sow in a sunny spot in good soil, and thin to 18in. apart, as the plants are shrubby. Two varieties, one dwarf and the other tall, are usually obtainable here.

SWEET CORN Manure the ground heavily for this rather greedy crop, and dig it in well. As soon as risk of frost is over, plant five or six kernels in hills 18in. across, rather than in rows. By doing this you get more even pollination and not so many lopsided cobs.

Diseases are rare, but a grub that burrows into the young cobs is often troublesome. Plants can't be sprayed once the pest gets in.

SILVER BEET or Swiss chard (commonly although wrongly known here as spinach) should be sown in spring or late summer, and needs good rich soil, plenty of water, and regular feeding with liquid manure.

The four best varieties are Fordhook Giant, Fordhook Master, Lucullus, and a hybrid of the red beet and silver beet usually known as Rhubarb Chard, which has rich red stems and dark-green leaves.

SPINACH The true spinach (spinacea oleracea) is not much grown here, as its iron flavor is unpopular, but it should be grown, for you get to like the taste. There are two varieties, one for winter crops (prickly-seeded) and the other (round-seeded) for cropping in late spring and early summer.

Thin out to about 12in. apart. The soil must be rich and moist or plants will run to seed.

—REG EDWARDS

And watch for wogs

INSECT pests are among the worst limiting factors in home vegetable production, but many gardeners fail to recognise them and let them take toll year after year. It pays to buy a strong magnifying glass or a cheap microscope and study the pests and the symptoms of their attacks.

Poor soil lowers plants' vitality, and this is a predisposing cause of disease and insect attack.

Tomatoes are preyed upon by the grubs or larvae of several moths and butterflies—leaf-eaters which can easily be destroyed by regular sprayings of DDT, malathion, dieldrin, and other preparations sold under many trade names.

Aphids, being sucking insects, need contact sprays such as DDT, nicotine sulphate, and malathion. Tomato bugs, which cause a lot of damage when tomatoes are fruiting well, can usually be scotched by sprayings of rogor 40 or lebaycid, new preparations that also control fruit-fly, tomato mites, and looper grubs.

Most of the cucurbits (pumpkins, cucumbers, squashes, melons, marrows) have two troublesome pests — the pumpkin beetle and the 28-spot ladybird. Malathion, lindane, and metasytox seem best for their control.

Beans are attacked by red-spider mites, vegetable bugs, aphids, thrips, bean weevils, bean flies, caterpillars of the small blue butterfly, and spring-tails in very dry weather. DDT emulsion deals with most of these pests, but you can get the mites with any of the miticides on the market.—R.E.

No Man Comes To The Aid Of This Party!



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"And I am Mr. Snow," he had said happily.

A new friend, at any age, is a wonderful thing.

From his window he watched the winter blow away and the feeble spring beckon to Felton's customers. It was a time, too, for examinations.

Mr. Snow barely blew on his soup so as not to disturb Dorothy's studying. He tiptoed away from the quiet island of their table into the roar of the cafeteria and brought back some ice-cream.

Silently he shoved it over to her so she should have "strength" for the exams.

His job finished, he folded his arms, leant back in his chair, and closed his eyes.

Oh, he knew all there was to know about examinations. He was almost half a teacher himself. His head began nodding.

Continuing . . . INVITATION TO THE PARTY

from page 31

Home at nightfall.

How carefully he would open the door, but his footsteps would creak as he walked through the narrow hall into the glare of the kitchen.

The dark head bent over the books would lift for a moment and say, "Hello, Dad," quietly.

"Hello, my son," he'd whisper and put away the ice-cream in the refrigerator for later. Stevie. His beautiful son, Stevie.

"Stevie. Stevie." His lips formed the soundless words. His head began shaking sadly. So far away with That Gladys and her rich father's company.

Gladys and the Very Best.

She had put more than two hundred

miles between father and son.

Much more than two hundred miles. The closing of a book scattered the lonesome, bitter thoughts. Dorothy was gathering up her things, putting on that black misfit of a coat. Mr. Snow narrowed his eyes professionally.

Here was something he could hate that wasn't in the north. That ugly coat.

It made her look poor and skinny. Not once did a skinny, poor girl ever come upstairs to his shop to try on a mink coat. They always looked like Gladys.

He cast a baleful eye on Dorothy's coat. His lips curled into a sneer.

You call that a fit? Where were her eyes when she bought it? Probably buried in one of those books.

"It's enough to eat like a fly and you're as skinny as a rake, do you want to have to wear glasses, too?" A withering glance at the titles. "Four books on so-so-ology. Are you going to read them all today?"

Dorothy didn't hear the irritation in his voice. Her eyes crinkled up. "No, Mr. Snow, they're not all for me. I promised I'd get them out of the library for—" suddenly her voice stumbled—"someone." It limped off. Her cheeks flamed.

In one instant, Mr. Snow forgot his woes. Little Dorothy had a boyfriend! "I'm sure he must be a fine boy to have a girl like you," he said,

sorry now for the way he had snapped at her.

"Oh, he is. He is," she breathed.

He waved her up. "Come leave your things here and let's walk to the Common." A glance at the clock. "You've got time. And you can tell me about the boy."

But Dorothy looked as if she had been struck by lightning. Her hand flew to her mouth. "Oh, Mr. Snow . . ." she squeaked. "I didn't mean to tell. I haven't even told my mother . . . not the whole truth . . . I'm afraid . . ."

"Afraid?" His heart began to beat quicker. The boy is a fool, and goodness only knows what else.

"It's just that I haven't told anyone." A far-away look crept into the saucer eyes and she was seeing things he could never behold again. She whispered, "It's just like a fairy-tale . . ."

Fairy-tale? A fool in a fairy-tale? And he would read books on so-so-ology? "Then talk," he commanded her. "Talking to me is like speaking into a grave. Who else do we know but each other?"

She thought about that a while. She looked into his eyes and made up her mind. They walked out of the cafeteria together.

Suddenly she stopped.

She said gravely, "It's the Department Store's son."

"A millionaire!" Mr. Snow was awestricken. And in that coat! He began to shake his head.

Dorothy looked worried. "You see what I mean? That's exactly the reason why I'm afraid to tell my mother. She knows we met at evening classes and at the weekends we do our homework together at my house, but if I told her who he was she'd drive us all mad."

"This way it was working out well. They like each other, they're used to each other . . . it's, you know, comfortable . . ."

"How long is it now?"

"About six months."

Six months, a skinny little girl with eyes like saucers and a nose in a book goes out with a Department Store. Mr. Snow lifted his eyebrows and shoulders simultaneously. Incredible!

"His family. They know?"

Like friendly spies they walked back slowly, talking in whispers. Her eyes shone like diamonds.

"Well, his father always smiles when he comes into the book department. Once he asked me about my mother's health and how I was getting along at night school."

"His mother drops by sometimes for a book, but really, you know, to talk. She's very nice . . . tall, like Peter . . . they both have quiet, grey eyes . . ."

HER voice trailed off.

Her eyes looked far-away again. A moment later, as they re-entered the cafeteria, she blinked, smiled, and returned to Mr. Snow. "I think they like me."

"And why not?"

Who wouldn't like her? Such a sweet child, works hard, studies hard, worries about her mother's health, never mind a coat that doesn't fit . . .

Suddenly all thought-traffic halted. Dorothy was saying something about a party . . .

"That's my problem now. Peter's parents sent me an invitation to their party and I still haven't told my mother . . ."

Mr. Snow didn't care a hoot about Mother. "In that coat you'll go to the party?" He pointed in disgust.

Dorothy was confused. "M . . . my coat?" A light dawned. "Golly, no! I have some money saved. Not much, but Peter certainly won't be ashamed of me."

Matthew Snow, haute couture, took command. "For a dress we'll go upstairs to the second floor. Mr. Thomson's a personal friend. I'll guarantee you a beauty, wholesale."

He paused and drew a deep breath. "But for a coat . . ." Words failed him. He pointed to himself. "We have mostly minks . . ."

Dorothy started to giggle, but Mr. Snow's upturned hand stopped her. "Also, we handle fur-trimmed coats sometimes." He closed his eyes in ecstasy.

"Dorothy. Don't ask. Creations. And the price will be more than reasonable, believe me, child."

"It'd better be," she laughed.

Mr. Snow remained alone, his head filled with tailor's chalk. Red was a good color for her. The collar, naturally, would be mink. He sipped his coffee and thought of Gladys' new mink coat upstairs.

Again Gladys stood impatiently on the small wooden dais as he fitted her. She

To page 60

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SEPPELTS

Rosetta
ROSÉ WINE





MODIFIED version of Plan No. 729. This attractive brick veneer home belongs to Mr. and Mrs. W. Speakman, of North Epping.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

• HOME PLANS • SPECIFICATIONS • ALTERATIONS • ADDITIONS •

● The comfortable home pictured above belongs to Mr. and Mrs. W. Speakman, of North Epping. It is a modified version of Home Plan No. 729.

THE original plan was for timber with a tiled roof. Double glass doors opened on to the front patio.

The Speakmans' home is built in brick veneer, and a large open sandstone fireplace substituted for the glass doors.

"We wanted the window areas and positions altered," said Mrs. Speakman, "and the Home Plans Centre was most helpful about this."

"The original plan also had a carport on the living-room end of the house, but we changed this to a separate garage at the rear of the drive."

The Speakmans' house is the ever-popular rectangular shape — "Wonderfully convenient to live in," said Mrs. Speakman.

Clever kitchen

Three large bedrooms and bathroom are at one end of the house, and the living-room, kitchen-dining-room, and laundry at the other.

Mrs. Speakman was specially pleased with the all-in-one design of the kitchen and dining-room.

"It's a real time-saver," she said.

The original design cost approximately £4250 in timber and £4700 in brick veneer. Mr. and Mrs. Speakman's

home cost more than this because of the separate brick garage and large fireplace.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and each of the seven Centres is supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on all aspects of home building.

A full set of basic plans costs £10/10/-. This includes five copies of working drawings and three copies of specifications.

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You may order plans by mail from the Centres, but remember to state the number of the design, whether you want your house in brick or timber, the roofing material required, and whether or not the site is sewered.

Enclose a cheque, postal note, or money order for the fee of £10/10/-.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be included in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single-brick garage.

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Modifications can be made to any plan, but if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations a small extra charge is made. All plans are available in mirror-reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. Generally, they can be built on stilts or on the side of a steep hill.

From time to time we will be publishing a coupon which you can cut out and mail to the Home Planning Centre in your State (see addresses below).

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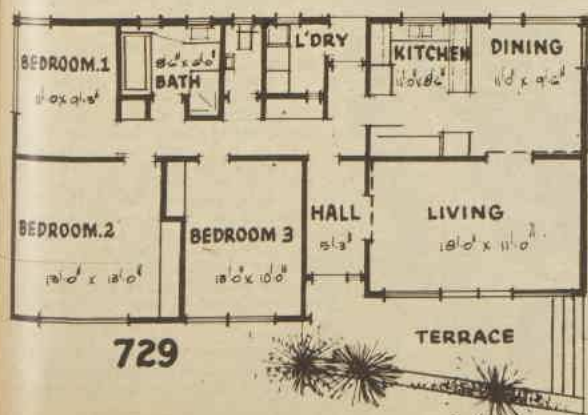
BRISBANE: McWhirters (50121).

GEELONG: Myers (X6111). TOOWOOMBA: Pigotts (7733).

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns (Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney), B0951, ext. 220.

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FLOOR PLAN shows compact design of this plan. Note combined kitchen-dining-room and three large bedrooms.

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Send labels **NOW** together with name and address, postal note or money order for 10/- to Keen's, Box 7073, G.P.O., Sydney (No wrappers need be sent from those states where a Coupon Act applies.)

For Flavour in a Flash —

serve mustard with every meal —

and be sure it's

KEEN'S
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was smoking like a chimney, holding on to her cigarette-holder like a life-belt.

A thousand times he said, "Please, Gladys, put away the cigarette for a few minutes while I fit you." Always his eyes watered when he fitted her.

No. It calmed her nerves. What did she have to be nervous for? It was his coats she would burn. His shop she would set fire to.

"Remember what I tell you, Father," she had ordered. "When it's finished don't send the coat to me. Keep it here until I come back. It'll probably need adjustments."

Adjustments. He snorted indignantly. Such a beautiful coat. Such beautifully matched skins. Such workmanship. He heaved a great sigh. Why was it only the Gladyses who got the mink coats?

The coffee was cold but he didn't

notice. His heart began aching with a sudden longing. If only Dorothy's whole coat could be mink. Not just the collar.

He had been almost fifty years in this business and he knew what a mink coat did for a woman. It made her a queen.

The next day he was down in the cafeteria first. He got the two napkins and cutlery and reserved their table. Restlessly he watched for her through the rain-splashed window. People ran with newspapers on their heads.

Dorothy tapped on the window, tilted her head in surprise, and came through the revolving door looking like a drowned kitten. The coat looked even worse wet.

She looked for a place to hang it so it could dry. "What brings you down so early today, Mr. Snow?" She took a small book from her pocket.

He said quickly, "Please don't read, not today. Eat quickly and then I'll take you upstairs for a fitting."

"Oh, that . . ."

"What do you mean, 'Oh, that'?" Maybe you should meet your millionaire in that black misfit?"

She tried to smile. "I might."

Mr. Snow was anxious to get started. "Don't joke. Get yourself something to eat. The lunch-hour is fading."

But she wasn't joking.

The doctor had said her mother must have a holiday immediately. She had given her mother the coat money.

"How could I tell her the money was for a coat? I can't even tell her now who Peter is or whose party I'm going to. She'd insist I use the money for a coat. I know my mother."

"And she would be right," Mr. Snow was desperate.

"No, Mr. Snow." Her small face looked determined. "My mother's health is a little bit more important. Peter will just have to take me as I am, 'black misfit' and all." She swallowed and smiled.

Yes. Then along would come a beautiful blonde. A Gladys with a mink coat.

He burst out, "Then you'll owe me the money."

But even as he spoke the words, he knew what her answer would be. She was a very stubborn girl. She'd end up with no millionaire, and plenty of principles.

The party was on Friday night. Dorothy and her sweetheart were going to the party straight from the store that night. Mr. Snow was inconsolable.

"Honestly, I'll look fine," Dorothy had said, looking over her cheese sandwich at him.

She had gone to the beauty parlor the night before and the soft hair was brushed back from her face. It made her eyes even bigger in the small face.

"The dress I got from the second floor is a creation. You said so yourself. What's a coat? I'll walk in and I'll take it right off anyway before anyone notices it."

"Oh, yes. Right away. Only one or two hundred people will see it, that's all. The rest will be notified. My daughter-in-law, Gladys, goes to plenty of these affairs. Believe me, she can give you a list of names who wore scratched fingernail polish at the last film premiere . . ."

He leant forward. "You'll take it off in the car? In the street? Foolish child!"

Dorothy shrugged her thin shoulders. "I don't know why I have to placate you, too. Heaven knows, I had enough to put up with my mother last night."

She was silent for a while. "I couldn't lie to her any more. I showed her the invitation and told her about Peter . . ."

"And?"

"She threatened to stay at home."

"Aha!"

Dorothy lowered her eyes and began moving crumbs around on the table.

"You know, I have feelings, too. My mother cried. 'With that coat you'll go and meet people like that?' Do you think I want to wear that old rag?" Her voice broke. "You think I don't know better?"

She raised her anguished face and Mr. Snow saw the silver of tears.

Her voice was soft. And she was gone.

He watched her through the plate-glass. She was running. Not even a newspaper on the freshly lacquered curls.

OUTSIDE, a man paused to study the menu pasted up on the window. His dark body formed a sudden mirror. Mr. Snow saw his own face staring back at him. A lonely old man. And useless.

The Friday night pay packets were all distributed. The last of the men were running for the lifts. The machines were shrouded and stilled.

Mr. Snow held the phone in one hand and tapped nervously on the desk with the other hand. From where he sat he could see into the brightly lit showroom.

Gladys' magnificent coat hung over the mirror.

He had conceived a plan. A wonderful plan.

"Hello?"

He was startled. For a moment he forgot his lines. "Dorothy . . . ? Er . . . This is Mr. Snow. I didn't get a chance to tell you I wish you a very good time tonight."

"Why, thank you." She sounded surprised. "You didn't have to ring. I know what you wish me."

His voice was innocent. "I wish I could see you in Thompson's dress, all made up and everything. I bet you look lovely."

She laughed. "I don't know about that. But I look nice."

"I wish I could see you," he wistfully persisted. "Even for a minute."

She hesitated. "I'll tell you what. Meet me in the cafeteria. We'll have a quick cup of coffee together and you can see how I look. I'll leave a message here for Peter that I'll be back shortly."

"Fine. Wonderful. Fine." He was overjoyed. His plan was laid out like a pattern.

It had stopped raining and the freshly washed night shone through the big window. She came through the revolving doors and he hardly looked at the coat.

"You look lovely. Like an angel," he gushed and seated her. There were two cups of coffee on the table.

"I'm so nervous, I'm shaking." She extended two trembling hands and confessed, "I didn't come here because you wanted to see me, Mr. Snow. I came because I wanted to see you."

The saucer eyes. So big. So scared. "I'm so afraid of tonight. Going to his house, meeting his family, and all. I'm so unsure . . ."

If Matthew Snow had any doubts about what he was to do, one look at her face convinced him that the deed must

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Continuing . . . INVITATION TO THE PARTY

from page 60

be done. He waited for his moment.

As she got up from the chair, he jumped. "Allow me," he said and reached for her coat. Naturally there was nothing for her to do but turn her back and permit him to help her on with that coat.

Quickly he spilled his full cup of coffee all over the coat.

"Oh, dear," he moaned.

She grew pale.

Well, there was nothing left to do but go upstairs and find a coat for her. Gladys' coat was still hanging over the mirror in the showroom. Someone had forgotten to shut off the lights on top of the mirror and the coat gleamed out of the darkness.

She recoiled. "Oh, no! I couldn't!"

"Why, is it infectious?"

"I . . . I just couldn't!"

"But I suppose I could spill coffee all over your coat, hah? That I could do. Please, Dorothy, I feel terrible enough."

She began biting on her thumb. "I don't know," she said and eyed the coat hungrily.

Mr. Snow concealed his triumph. He had seen that look for fifty years. He knew it well. She wouldn't walk out without it.

Dorothy could barely pull herself away from the mirror. She postured glamorously, her chin tucked over a flirting shoulder. She smiled wide and said, "Daaaahling, I don't know why all men go maaaad about me." She preened and gestured like a film star.

She narrowed her eyes seductively and slunk around the room. She pulled the collar over her head and twittered her lashes. She casually draped it over her thin shoulders then, yawning, watched it slide off

almost to the floor. She kissed Mr. Snow on his wet cheek and walked out like Cleopatra.

On Monday he got into the shop a little earlier than usual. All his lonely weekend he had thought about little Dorothy and the party. She'll have plenty of stories for me today, he thought happily as he munched on his breakfast roll and coffee.

He and Mr. Becker, the presser, were having their usual morning repast at the book-keeper's desk, before the rest of the men came in to work. "You'll see," he had just finished telling Mr. Becker, "she'll be a regular chatterbox this afternoon . . ."

The door opened quietly and there was Dorothy, standing in the doorway with Gladys' coat on her arm. Her face was pink like the spring morning outside.

"Mr. Snow," she breathed. "Oh, Mr. Snow . . ." She floated toward him. "Look! !!" On one of the small fingers was a diamond. But what a diamond. Bigger than any that Gladys ever had.

Mr. Snow's eyes grew round and very shiny. "Ooo . . . Ooo . . . Ooo," he said and could say no more. The ring was examined closely and grew big "like a pumpkin" in their eyes.

"You'll have to eat plenty now to have strength to lift such a finger," he said.

It was a hilarious joke. They laughed so hard there were tears in their eyes. Mr. Becker, the presser, just smiled and finished his coffee.

The two friends stood looking at each other. A wonderful thing, to have friends.

"Thank you," she said simply.

Mr. Snow beamed. "It was my pleasure." His extreme pleasure.

And Gladys?

Gladys was stuck with a second-hand coat.

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1961

A 'BANGAU' OF A MALAY BOAT

Continuing ... DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 29

I felt rather narked at being roped in for the evening as Sir Lancelot's skivvy instead of loading Ophelia with diamonds, but I remembered again that except for the old boy I'd have left St. Swithin's before Christmas in one of the tasteful plain vans they keep for the purpose.

"My wife is at this very moment down at the agency, trying to discover where the devil our specially recommended mademoiselle from Paris has got to," Sir Lancelot continued. "As the woman appears to be lost in transit and we can hardly put off a Cabinet Minister, we have no alternative but to cook and bottle-wash ourselves."

In the kitchen I found the Bishop, with his jacket off and black in the face.

"Confound it, Charles! Haven't you got the boiler working yet?"

"I fear, Lancelot, it is somewhat

beyond me. It is really a most recalcitrant piece of apparatus. It seems quite to possess a personality of its own."

"If you don't get the boiler going you'll have no hot water," said Sir Lancelot shortly. "And you know it's your turn to wash up."

"I was just going to mention I have a rather nasty cut on my hand. I did it with the cucumber. As you know, my flesh festers so easily, and I fear immersion in hot soapy water —"

"I don't give a damn whether you develop acute gas gangrene of the upper limb. It's still your turn to wash up."

"You might show a little sympathy," complained the Bishop.

"It was clearly understood weeks ago that whoever gets the early tea doesn't wash up. And this morning you chose to wallow in bed."

"I tell you I woke with a most unpleasant headache —"

"So I had to boil your breakfast egg. And you pinched 'The Times' —"

"I don't see why you can't order two copies of 'The Times,'" returned the Bishop testily. "You always make such a fuss about it."

"So, you would lead me down the paths of gross extravagance?"

"There was something I particu-

larly wanted to read about the Commission."

"You didn't. You did the crossword. It was my morning for the crossword."

"It wasn't your morning at all. You did the crossword yesterday."

"Of course I did. You can hardly fail to remember you swapped an extra crossword for my cleaning the baths."

"I am going to my room," said the Bishop curtly. "Apart from everything else, I have my headache again. Not to mention a considerable quantity of soot down my neck."

"If that feller stays here any longer I'll sell the house to the demolition squad and take furnished lodg-

ings." Sir Lancelot handed me a salad bowl. "You can't imagine how intolerable it is, with Maud pampering him at every turn. Only my natural good breeding prevents my dropping the hint that he has outstayed his welcome. The man has a hide like a — Ah, there you are, my dear. Any luck with the girl?"

"Everything's perfectly all right, Lancelot," announced Lady Spratt breathlessly. "Mademoiselle's boat was held up, that's all. She's due at Victoria in fifteen minutes."

"Good," exclaimed Sir Lancelot. "Grimsdyke — cherchez la femme."

"Me, sir?" I looked alarmed. "But how would I recognise her, sir?"

"She'll be wearing lily of the valley and carrying a copy of 'Paris Match,'" explained Lady Spratt quickly. "Of course, she doesn't speak any English —"

"I'm not really much good at French once I'm off a menu," I told them doubtfully.

"Then take someone with you," directed Sir Lancelot impatiently. "Take Miles. He once spent a fortnight at Dinard and for months after seemed to imagine it made him an honorary member of the French Academy."

As Miles had got into a frightful muddle with the fish forks, anyway, he was pleased enough to drive me to Victoria. Particularly as it gave a chance for one of those little lectures of his on the way.

"It is really most unfortunate that Sir Lancelot cannot handle staff better," he complained finally, as we got out of the car at the station. "It will be highly distressing if the Home Secretary notices anything amiss. The Bishop and I are at pains to have him in the right frame of mind for discussing our minority views on the Commission."

"How's the old immorality going?" I asked.

MILES looked pained. "There is no need for you to be flippant, Gaston. You don't seem to realise what extremely arduous and distasteful work it is."

Personally I've always found Victoria rather a jolly station. While other London termini lead nowhere more exciting than Glasgow, it's always a pretty sight on a winter's evening watching the happy-faced young holidaymakers tripping on to the departure platform with their skis on their shoulders, and hobbling off the arrival one with their plaster casts and crutches. And in summer there's the buckets and spades and bare knees and kiddies being sick in the booking office, and all the year round come aeroplanes, come space rockets, I bet nobody fails to tingle a bit on spotting the sign Continental departures while running after a train for Balham.

"The boat train seems to be in already," observed Miles, as we made our way through the crowd at the barrier.

"If you're feeling rocky on the lingo, the Man from Cook's over there is bursting to hold forth like Robespierre," I mentioned.

"My dear Gaston, I do wish you would give me the credit for a little intelligence. We should anyway be able to identify the young woman perfectly easily. Lily of the valley is a fairly unusual flower."

I nodded. "She must be that grey-haired old dear over there with the hampers."

Miles frowned. "Or that kid sucking a stick of toffee. Or perhaps the bird with the moustache and the astrakhan collar? He's carrying a bunch of the stuff." I gave a laugh. "Do you know what day it is?"

"Day—May the first of course."

"Yes, the day the French buy it by the basketful and stick it all over themselves, except that they call it muguet."

Miles bit his lip. "How remarkably awkward."

"Don't worry, there's still the magazine diagnosis." I searched the crowd. "I say, how about that blonde over there?"

I began to feel I wouldn't mind doing Sir Lancelot's washing-up after all.

"I doubt it. Lady Spratt explained she was a mature woman and most respectable, being the daughter of some minor official."

My cousin looked on bleakly as a couple of nuns came through the barrier, followed by a file of schoolgirls covered with muguet. Then he started approaching unaccompanied females, raising his hat and trying his "Est-ce que vous êtes la bonne de Sir Lancelot Spratt?" stuff, but this didn't get him more than a few dirty looks.


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"You might do something to help," he said impatiently, "instead of just standing there putting pennies in the slot machines."

"Bit peckish," I explained. "No lunch."

"Blast you," muttered Miles. As a matter of fact, I was getting rather anxious as well, the platform now being empty except for some African chaps in robes, who obviously wouldn't have done at all. But just then a respectable-looking middle-aged woman in a red-bear coat appeared round a pile of mailbags, carrying a magazine and grunting lily of the valley luxuriously. "Pardonnez-moi," Miles began again. "Mais êtes-vous engagée à Sir Lancelot Spratt?"

She gave a nice smile. "Ce que vous êtes gentil."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Miles. "Gaston, take the lady's case. Farci, mademoiselle. Nous avons l'auto dans le quai-est-ce que c'est outside."

"Comment? Vous êtes venus me chercher en auto?"

"Surtout le meilleur est assez bon pour la bonne," I told her, feeling rather proud of myself on the spur of the moment. We all three piled into the car and hustled back to Harley Street.

"Morality is, after all, merely a matter of geographical latitude," declared Sir Lancelot Spratt airily. "What passes in polite society in Bali would never do in Berkeley Square."

"Um, ah," said the Bishop.

Miles had lit the boiler and cleaned himself up a bit, and the four of us were taking a glass of sherry in the drawing-room while Lady Spratt installed the new maid upstairs.

"The unfortunate British public has been much exposed to moralists," Sir Lancelot stood stroking his beard before the fireplace. "Indeed, the population has hardly been allowed to pursue its natural instincts in peace since the arrival of Oliver Cromwell. No wonder our clinics are cluttered with the diseases of mass repression."

Miles seemed to be fidgeting rather. "I should have thought as a nation we were proud of our respectability, Lancelot."

"And so we are, like our draughts and

beastly trains and horrible climate and filthy cooking. At heart we are, of course, a shocking collection of masochists."

I FELT it was time to interrupt and said, "By the way, sir, now the domestic situation is under control I expect you'd like me to clear off?"

"Certainly not. I invited you to dinner, and to dinner you stay. Not that I would deceive you, our guest is a second Dr. Johnson. Treating his varicose veins last year gave me an opportunity to break the ice, and I found myself paddling in some very cold water underneath."

He helped us to more sherry. "Grimsdyke and myself will, anyway, retire after dinner to discuss my memoirs," he added to the others. "How's the book coming along, my boy?"

"Almost finished, sir. I'm rather looking forward to rounding it all off with a jolly good trial scene like 'The Brothers Karamazov.'"

"Then you will be pleased to hear you haven't long to wait. In the confusion I quite overlooked telling you that Beckwith informs me the affair is down for hearing next Monday."

"I can only hope, Lancelot, that truth will prevail," observed the Bishop sagely.

"My dear good fellow, the facts of the case are perfectly indisputable. Even before a meddlesome crank like Mr. Justice Fishwick—"

I looked up. "Fishwick?"

"It is perhaps unfortunate that my trial should appear on his list. But Fishwick is nevertheless a member of an intelligent profession, like ourselves," Sir Lancelot conceded, "and I have no doubt whatever that he will find himself obliged to stop the proceedings before my brother has even been put to the trouble of opening his mouth."

There was a ring at the doorbell. "That can hardly be our distinguished guest so soon," Sir Lancelot frowned at his watch. "Grimsdyke, be a good fellow and answer it."

On the step I found the police sergeant who'd brought the news from the zoo, with a rather nice little blonde in a red coat.

"Good evening, sir." He seemed very civil. "I wonder if I might have a word with Sir Lancelot Spratt?"

I took another look at the girl, wondering whom she'd been feeding to the carnivores. Muttering something about Sir Lancelot sparing a few moments, I

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led the sergeant into the drawing-room and left her in the hall.

"Why, it's Sergeant Griffin again," Sir Lancelot greeted him warmly.

"How are you?"

"Very nice, thank you, sir."

"I'm delighted to hear it. Glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you, Sir Lancelot."

"I believe you've met the Bishop of Wincanton?"

His brother-in-law was at the time trying to dodge behind the azalea.

"You've come about the security arrangements, I suppose, officer?" suggested Miles.

The sergeant raised his eyebrows. "Security arrangements, sir?"

Miles looked faintly uneasy.

"Perhaps," he added hopefully, "it's

simply that my car is causing an obstruction outside?"

"No, it's about your girl, sir."

"My girl?" asked Sir Lancelot.

"The young lady you was to meet off the train from Paris."

"I hope she is in every way quite respectable," interrupted the Bishop quickly.

"She seems a very respectable young person indeed, sir. She was lost, that's all. The Railway Police sent her from Victoria and I've brought her round."

"But that's absolutely ridiculous!" Miles gave a laugh. "Because the girl in question is already in—"

"Quite, Sergeant, quite," Sir Lancelot broke in. "Thank you very much. The young lady is outside. Excellent. We were wondering what had happened to her. Sorry you've been put to such trouble."

"Nothing's too much trouble for you, Sir Lancelot. As a matter of fact, I was rather wanting to have a word about my operation—"

"Another time, Sergeant, another time."

"It's only that I have a sort of tickling feeling in the scar." The policeman seemed inclined for a chat.

"I was wondering if you could take a quick look at it for me?"

"Call tomorrow and I shall be delighted."

"It's more of a cross between a tickling and an itching sensation—"

"So this is the young lady?" Sir Lancelot hustled him through the door. "Enchante, mademoiselle. My dear," he added, as Lady Spratt appeared on the stairs, "here is our new maid from Paris. Kindly show her to the second spare room."

"Lancelot, have you completely taken leave of your—"

"This is the new maid," repeated Sir Lancelot forcefully. "Up stairs, please, si vous plait, pronto."

"Look here—" started Miles, looking as confused as the girl as she was led away. "I don't at all understand—"

"I most sincerely trust nothing untoward—" murmured the Bishop.

"You want to be on your way, no

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doubt, Sergeant." Sir Lancelot interrupted both of them. "It was extremely helpful of you to call."

"I was wondering, sir, if you would do us the honor of attending our next social evening?"

"I should be delighted. I expect you are now extremely busy."

"Old-time dancing, you know. With a buffet and extension till midnight."

"It sounds extremely charming. I shall certainly attend."

"As it happens, I've a book of tickets on me."

"I'll take the lot." Sir Lancelot edged him on to the front step. "My cheque will reach you in the morning."

"But there's over a hundred tickets there, Sir Lancelot!"

"I have a very large number of friends," Sir Lancelot pushed him through the door. "Now, gentlemen—"

He faced the three of us. "The question is—Who the devil have we already installed upstairs?"

"But she must be your maid," Miles looked annoyed.

Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 63

"She certainly said she was. Besides, she was carrying that magazine on the table."

"Which happens to be L'illustration."

"So it is," said Miles in surprise.

"It is highly unfortunate we should be involved in any complications," muttered the Bishop.

"I'm sure it can be perfectly easily cleared up," Miles protested. "She was certainly a most decent person. Wasn't she, Gaston?"

"Well, you'd better go and break it to her that she's due for a change of address," Sir Lancelot told him.

"But where to?" I interrupted.

"That is for your cousin Miles to find out."

"I think you're all making far too much of a perfectly excusable mistake," returned Miles shortly.

Sir Lancelot became impatient.

"We can settle all that at our leisure. Instead of standing there wasting time, go upstairs and find out exactly where the poor woman belongs."

Miles hesitated. "Perhaps Gaston would like to ask her—"

"No! I jolly well wouldn't! Anyway, you told me you were the expert on French."

"It might be politic to clear up the little matter at once," urged the Bishop.

"Damn it, Miles!" exploded Sir Lancelot. "You can at least try to find out what she does for a living."

But this turned out to be unnecessary, because Miles had hardly got a foot on the stairs before the girl appeared herself.

"Horror!" exclaimed the Bishop.

A bit of a change had come over our middle-aged dear from Victoria Station. In the first place, she was made up as brightly as the lights of Piccadilly. In the second, she'd got on a red wig about a foot high. In the third, she was wearing only two large pink fans.

"Good gracious me," remarked Sir Lancelot Spratt.

She gave a nice smile from the landing.

"Ugh, boys. We start the show, yes?"

"But—but this is impossible!" cried Miles.

"Ow nice I find your English clubs," she undulated downstairs. "So correct. Tres anglais." She patted the Bishop on the cheek. "I am shocking, eh?"

"Horror upon horror!" muttered the Bishop.

"Miles!" Sir Lancelot gave a roar of laughter.

I hadn't seen the poor chap in such a state since the headmaster found he was keeping white mice in the dormitory.

"Do something!" he burst out. "Do something at once! Lancelot—Gaston—you must get that woman away from here—"

"You found her," Sir Lancelot told him briefly. "You lose her again."

"Gaston!" Miles grabbed my arm. "You're my cousin . . . you must help, you understand? I implore you, my whole career—"

The girl winked at Sir Lancelot. "You want to come and see me after the show?"

"The extreme kindness of your invitation, madam, quite shames my inescapable refusal."

She picked the Bishop's official topper from the hatstand and put it on like Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel."

"I feel faint," cried the Bishop, falling into a chair.

"A family weakness, Charles," Sir Lancelot seemed to be enjoying himself like young Bartholomew on Christmas morning. "You know where to find the brandy."

"Oh!" gasped Miles. "If this got in the papers—"

"Papers!" The Bishop fluttered his handkerchief. "I must leave. I must leave at once—"

"Yes, I think the country would be much kinder to your constitution," Sir Lancelot agreed calmly. "I shall call you personally at six—"

The Bishop stammered, but got nothing out.

"What on earth's the matter with you, Charles?" demanded Sir Lancelot. "Really! It's only a healthy human female."

"I shall leave. This very night—"

"There is an excellent late train. And my car is always at your disposal for the station."

The girl started to get a bit playful with the fans.

"I'm going to be sick," announced the Bishop.

"But surely, Charles, you are not going to miss your dinner?"

"Dinner!" Miles jumped. "He'll be arriving in twenty minutes!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



"Look here—" I was becoming rather worried myself. "We'd really better do something, and pretty smartly."

My cousin and I may have suffered our little disagreements in the past, but I felt that bringing them up now would be like complaining the bedclothes were damp because the ship was sinking.

Personally, I'm rather fond of a bit of cabaret with my dinner, but I could see that under present circumstances it would never have done for old Miles at all. As the Bishop was looking as though he'd come off the operating table after a total gastrectomy, Sir Lancelot was stroking his beard in perplexity, and Miles seemed on the point of hysteria, I thought it was time to take sole charge.

"It's perfectly simple," I suggested. "The girl's probably been booked for a show at some Soho club. All we've got to do is get her there, and look jolly quick about it. Apart from anything else, I expect they're playing the overture over and over again waiting for her."

"Where do you think you are, madame?" Miles burst out. "Ou croyez-vous que vous etes?"

She looked surprised behind the hat. "Mais c'est Willie's Club, n'est-ce pas?"

"Willie's Club!" muttered Miles.

"Dear old Willie's Club?" I exclaimed. "But I'm a member. Willie and I were great pals in the days when I was one of the lads at St. Swithin's. You go downstairs in Frith Street and there's a barman who's done goodness knows how many years in—"

"But damn it, Gaston!" exploded Miles. "You can't appear with a half-naked woman like that! It would be bound to leak out to the Press."

"You've a good bit to learn about immorality yet, old lad," I grinned. "How much lolly have you got on you?"

"Money? About twenty pounds."

"Let's have a bit of a whip-round then. May I borrow your car, sir?"

"I shall accompany you," said Sir Lancelot at once. "Thank heaven somebody in your family has a little sense. Miles, fetch my Ulster for the lady. You will kindly tell our distinguished guest that I have been called to an urgent case. It is fortunate that our profession always provides a fool-proof excuse. Come, madame. Let us now retrace our faux pas."

"I am going to die," groaned the Bishop.

"Miles hasn't been to the hospital today," announced his

"Hello, old lad," I greeted him. "How did the little dinner go?"

Miles groaned.

"It was like some horrible, horrible hallucination . . . That dreadful woman!"

"Clementine turned out to be quite a jolly sort in the end. We got to know her pretty well by the time we'd carted her across London."

"What happened?" he asked gloomily.

My cousin fell silent.

"You might at least have returned and told us things were straightened out," he said at last. "The suspense was perfectly terrible."

"It was Sir Lancelot's fault. He insisted on seeing the show."

"He must have thought it thoroughly disgusting."

"He seemed to find it rather amusing. Not to mention the

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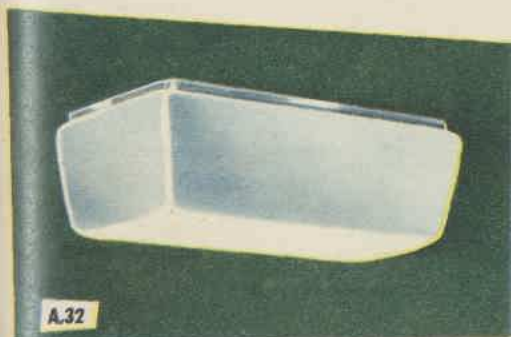
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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 13, 1961



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fact he diagnosed a genu verum, two epigastric hernias, and several cases of diffuse mammary hypertrophy.

"Sir Lancelot is perfectly incorrigible."

"He helped save your bacon, old lad," I reminded him. "The whole country might have enjoyed the smell of it frying for breakfast this morning."

He looked up. "I suppose there is nothing in the Press?"

I shook my head. "I've been through every paper in the public library. Though, of course, there's always Sunday and the 'News of the World'."

Miles groaned again.

"But don't worry, I'm sure there's no harm done. Clementine got a terrific reception from the customers at Willie's, by the way. Though, personally, I think she was rather better with the hat."

"I am, of course, enormously indebted to you, Gaston," Miles admitted.

"Don't mention it," I returned lightly. "After all, same flesh and blood, and all that."

Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

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"My whole career now lies at the mercy of your discretion."

"Good grief, you don't suppose I'd sneak, do you?" I looked shocked. "Dash it, I didn't even do that at school when you pinched my special seed cake."

"I am sorry about the seed cake, Gaston. Deeply sorry."

"I'm quite prepared to forget it," I told him, very decently.

"Would you care for a whisky and soda? Do help yourself. Take as much as you like." As I accepted the invitation, he went on, "We have admittedly had our differences in the past—"

"Clash of temperaments. Very stimulating to any family. Look at the Leans."

Miles fiddled with a page of his report.

"I must confess, Gaston,

that over the years I have automatically come to look upon you as a fool."

"The gay exterior is deceiving."

"But the way you took charge of an extremely dangerous and complicated situation last night suddenly opened my eyes to your true abilities."

"Oh, come! Once faced with the bare facts—" I gave a laugh. "Rather funny, that."

"How often have I secretly envied your sense of humor!"

"Tut, now," I consoled the chap. "You used to tell some jolly funny jokes yourself at the school concert."

"You have the stuff in you of the Scarlet Pimpernel, Gaston. You are no mere theorist like myself and—may I say?—my colleagues on the Royal Commission. No. You are a man of action. At last I see it. And it has helped me to make my decision about the funds I hold in trust for you."

"Funny, I was just coming to that," I told him, preparing to put the screws on. "If you'll just give me the cheque, I won't keep you any longer from your work."

Miles stroked his little bristly moustache.

"When you first started this novel-writing business I rather objected. I felt that the notoriously lax life of an author would be completely demoralising for you."

"Quite."

It is, of course, well known to the British public that authors lounge about all day with their collars off while everyone else has to work.

"To be frank, I was not particularly concerned over your loss to medicine."

"I think that's a matter of general agreement."

"But now I have changed my mind."

"If you'll just write out that cheque—"

"Don't you realise? Don't you see?" Miles gripped my sleeve. "In this modern age you are exactly the sort of man our profession needs."

"That didn't seem the view of all those examiners I got quite chummy with over the years."

"But that's precisely the point, Gaston. What's wrong with medicine today?"

"Not enough pay—"

"We are all far to theoretical. We need practical men. Men like yourself. Men to penetrate the undeveloped ends of the earth, and blaze a trail of sanitation."

"Here, hold on!" I exclaimed, a bit alarmed. "I wouldn't be any use at that sort of lark at all. You know how I come up all over from mosquitoes."

"Fortunately there are no mosquitoes in the area I have in mind. An international health team is shortly starting work on the shores of Greenland."

"Greenland? Now look here, Miles, stop horsing about and make out that cheque—"

"I propose to finance you for a six months' refresher course in New York, after which I can easily arrange through my connections with World Health Organisation your appointment to five years' tour in Greenland."

"If you simply want to get me out of the way for a while," I interrupted, "it would be much easier to slip me the cash and let me clear off to Paris."

"I assure you that's not the idea at all."

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"Last time it was the Amazon. This time you want to keep me on ice. I wish you'd make up your mind."

"But, Gaston! Don't you realise what I am offering you? The chance to become a second Dr. Livingstone. A Schweitzer of the snows."

"Just let me have the cash on the nail. Apart from any—"

Pitfalls Of Gardening

I've trimmed the hedges, cut the lawn, And pulled up all the weeds, I've turned the sprinkler on to help The newly planted seeds.

I've pruned the roses, fixed the fence (I'm sure my bones will crack), "That's nice," calls wife, "now don't forget The garden at the back."

—Marie L. Morley.

thing else, the rent for my basement is shockingly overdue."

Miles looked pained. "Surely you are not contemplating refusal?"

"Yes, I jolly well am. I've got a novel to finish."

"But damnation! You don't seriously intend to fritter your life turning out stupid books—"

"My dear, good idiot! Once you start you can't stop—it's a sort of ineradicable infection. Anyway," I added, now pretty narked, "if somebody's got to go charging down glaciers with a syringe, why not you? You'd be a sight more use than sitting in London trying to explain why people shouldn't play football on Sundays."

"I don't think you are being particularly grateful, Gaston."

"Let's cut out all the fuss and simply hand over the cheque—"

Miles folded his arms. "That is out of the question."

"I like that! Who's being grateful now?"

"I have made an extremely generous offer."

"It would be, if I were a homesick Eskimo."

"Consider how much you could enjoy yourself in New York first."

"Yes, thinking gaily of the future among all those ice-cubes."

"Don't you understand? Professionally speaking, I am trying to save your soul—What are you doing with that telephone?"

"Ring up every number in Fleet Street to let a particularly nasty-looking cat out of the bag."

"You wouldn't," said Miles quietly.

I paused.

Of course, the chap had me there. Miles may have been a fool. He may have cheerfully let me starve in basements. He may have given me a rotten time over those cricket boots. He may even have pinched my last bit of seed-cake. But there are certain things a chap doesn't do.

I replaced the receiver.

"You accept my offer?" asked Miles.

"No."

He sighed. "I must say I am sincerely sorry. You are leaving so soon?"

"I didn't even finish my whisky."

"The honorarium for my memoirs? By all means, my dear fellow," said Sir Lancelot. "I shall put the cheque in the post tomorrow. You will understand that I am a little too preoccupied to attend to it this very morning."

"Oh, quite, sir. Forgive my mentioning it at all."

"I am sorry you are feeling

the pinch of poverty, Grimdyke. I always assumed from Miles that you had liquid assets."

"A bit of a freeze seems to have set in at the moment," I explained.

I'd had a pretty miserable few days in the basement. Razzy had a row with his opera singer who could hear all the way from Covent Garden to Charing Cross, and could last through his afternoons again. My landlady was indicating that I'd shortly be taking up residence in the street.

Worse still, the weather stayed absolutely beastly all the weekend. "A duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London," said De Quincey, and look what happened to him.

But I still had my duty towards Sir Lancelot, and on Monday morning interrupted my scheduled activities on the novel to appear at his house with a new notebook and accompany him to court. I still had my duty toward old Basil, too, I remembered, as we drove past Ophelia twelve feet high explaining how she liked a nice milky night-time drink.

"Darling," she'd said when I'd telephoned a couple of days before and caught her doing the washing. "It's absolutely impossible to spare a minute. I'm just dashing out again this evening."

"It's a rather important message, old girl," I returned solemnly. "From Basil."

"Basil? Basil who?"

"Basil Beauchamp."

"You can tell that stage-

struck cat that if he thinks he can go round haunting me like some pantomime demon—"

"Quite the opposite, I assure you. He wants me to hand you a rather nice little parting present. It glitters."

There was hesitation on the wire.

"Oh, all right, darling. Give me a ring tomorrow. I might be able to fit you in."

But as usual she wasn't at home, and it took a good deal of the Grimdyke strength of character to avoid using the bracelet as a chaser for the grandpa's cufflinks.

"What do you think of our chances, Grimdyke?" Sir Lancelot interrupted my thoughts in the traffic that raced round Trafalgar Square, now enjoying a bright May morning's sunshine.

"I should think, sir, that a high-powered barrister like your brother ought to impress the beak—"

"Good gracious, I mean in the Test Matches. The other matter is perfectly open and shut. You know, of course, who is giving evidence as the expert witness against me?"

"Lord Tiptree, I thought, sir?"

Sir Lancelot turned his car into the Strand.

"I must apologise for not informing you before that Clem Tiptree was unexpectedly called to lecture in Australia. His place has been taken by that nasty little man McFiggie."

"McFiggie, sir?"

"But as the feller has to my certain knowledge never stuck a knife into living flesh for his

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HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS

Continuing ... DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 66

reference books, a couple of old dears were mopping the floor, and the only representative of legal majesty was a porter in a little round cap like a Victorian warder, sitting by the door reading the "Daily Mirror."

"Possett v. Spratt, Court Sixteen," read Sir Lancelot from the notices displayed like train timetables in the middle of the hall.

He clasped his hands under the tails of his coat. The old boy had appeared in morning dress and cravat, which I supposed he felt the correct costume for being sued.

"I only wish we had time to hear some of the other cases," he remarked. "What, for instance, could Imperial Grab Fisheries possibly be suing Swindon Hosiery manufacturers about? Or Ebinezer Novelties the Home for Indigent Gentlemen? Perfectly intriguing! But we must not

delay, Grimsdyke. Beckwith is meeting us at the Court."

Mr. Beckwith now had the brightly confident air of a family doctor shepherding his patient into hospital for a major operation.

"What's happened to Alfie?" demanded Sir Lancelot at once.

Mr. Beckwith explained the Q.C. was several corridors away, urging the complaint of a poultry breeder against an incinerator manufacturer.

"An absolute disgrace," Sir Lancelot mused. "What do you imagine they'd say at St. Swithin's if I left the middle of a pancreatectomy to remove a pair of tonsils?"

"The administration of justice in this country is laughably haphazard. Which I suppose is all you can expect when everyone gives themselves thumping long holidays and knocks off at four."

"I'm afraid there's a slight delay with your case, anyway," Mr. Beckwith apologised. "Apparently Fishwick is rather bilious this morning, and wants a short rest."

"Damnation! If I held up my entire theatre staff every time I felt a bit off color—" "Fishwick always takes very good care of himself, Sir Lancelot."

"Another way of saying the feller's a shocking hypochondriac, as I could have told you years ago. I wonder what the devil he did with my fountain-pen in the end, anyway?"

We filed into the court, which was all carved oak canopies, ink-stained forms, and varnish, and struck me as the cross between a revivalist chapel and the lecture room at St. Swithin's.

There were more seedy-looking chaps messing about with books, and an usher in a gown who seemed to be asleep, and we all three sat on a bench while Mr. Beckwith started going through his bundles of papers. After about half an hour the room started to fill up, there was a bit of muttering all round, the usher woke up and opened a door behind the bench, and everyone stood up politely as Mr. Justice Fishwick appeared.

I was pretty interested to take a look at Sir Lancelot's former fellow lodger. There was a good deal of fussing as a tartan rug was tucked round his knees and a couple of bottles of white pills placed next to the judicial water-jug under the bench, then he stared round as though wondering how we'd all be let in from the street, and the case of Possett v. Spratt began.

"My Lord—" A fat, red-faced barrister like a bewigged bookie stood up.

"My Lord," said the barrister, after explaining who he was and which side he was on. "I can put my case very briefly—"

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Grumley. The longer we are here, the longer we are dissipating public money."

"He's in a pretty bad mood this morning," whispered Mr. Beckwith, seeming to be familiar with the signs and symptoms.

"The feller always had a nasty little temper," agreed Sir Lancelot under his breath. "Particularly when he'd eaten something that made him itch a bit."

"I well know Your Lordship's concern over expedition of the Court's business," continued the fat barrister fruitfully. "I must appreciate Your Lordship's consideration in drawing attention so early—"

"Get on with your case, get on with your case," muttered the Judge.

"Hasn't changed a bit," hissed Sir Lancelot.

Mr. Grumley finally hit form and delivered a speech with the general effect of making Sir Lancelot Spratt look like Sweeney Todd the Barber. The surgeon meanwhile sat beside me staring at his finger-nails, giving no hint of his feelings apart from turning steadily from pink to magenta.

"I now call my first witness," he ended. "Herbert Egbert Thomas Possett."

"Herbert Egbert Thomas Possett," repeated the usher, waking up.

Sir Lancelot's patient was a vacant-looking youth with the air of wishing he were at that moment in the middle of the Sahara Desert. He started off by giving his name, address, birthday, and date of admission to St. Swithin's Hospital, none of which he seemed particularly sure about.

"Now, Mr. Possett," Mr. Grumley came to business. "What exactly was your operation performed for?"

"I dunno."

"What? Didn't the surgeon tell you?"

"Nobody told me nothing."

Mr. Justice Fishwick cleared his throat.

"I have stated before in this Court, and I have no hesitation in stating it again, that the manner in which the medical profession keeps its patients in utter ignorance of matters of life and death is perfectly reprehensible. It is nothing more than an ill-judged attempt to perpetuate the aura of obscurity and witchcraft in which doctors have delighted in wrapping themselves for generations."

"What absolute rubbish!" exclaimed Sir Lancelot.

"Shhhh!" hissed his brother, who had mysteriously appeared among us.

"Why, hello, Alfie! I was just beginning to wonder where the devil you'd got to. Fishwick has just made a perfectly outrageous remark—"

"Be quiet, please," muttered Mr. Beckwith.

"But it is outrageous," persisted the surgeon.

"Silence!" cried the usher, whom I thought was fast asleep.

"Mr. Spratt." The judge scowled at the Q.C. and then at Sir Lancelot. "Perhaps you can kindly control your client?"

"I am extremely sorry, My Lord. I apologise most freely to Your Lordship. I fear my client suffered a momentary lapse."

"I trust he will not suffer anything worse. Please proceed, Mr. Grumley."

I was rather relieved myself when everything settled down for a while. Young Possett recited a list of symptoms he'd suffered since his operation, which ranged from going to sleep over the telly to fits.

Mr. Grumley, the crafty chap, kept asking if he wanted to sit, have a glass of water, or take a nice lie down for half an hour, and generally gave the impression that he, for one, was enormously surprised to see the poor fellow walking about at all.

"I have no questions, My Lord," announced Alfie, as his rival finished.

"Call Mrs. Possett," said Mr. Grumley.

Herbert's mother was one of those little sharp-faced women you often see waving umbrellas at motorists from the middle of zebra crossings.

"It's a crying shame," she began at once.

"Quite. Now, when your son was admitted to St. Swithin's Hospital—"

"He was a fine healthy boy. And look at him now. Just look at him! Can hardly eat his dinner, he can't. Not without pangs."

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professional career, I cannot understand anyone being interested for a minute in his work on clinical surgery. Or anything else much, for that matter.

"He's got a terrific reputation in the courts," I mentioned casually.

"Clem Tiptree was prepared to stand up and attack me in public because he was handsomely paid for it," Sir Lancelot went on, ignoring this.

"I don't blame him. But Figgie is unhappily motivated by personal spite. He has become remarkably unfriendly since I was obliged to put him in his place over spreading malicious stories about me around the hospital. But here we are at the Law Courts, Grimsdyke. Now the fun be-

ing over. I'd never been in the Royal Courts of Justice before, my little brushes with the Law being settled in those depressing rooms round the back of the courts.

One or two seedy-looking men wandered about with bundles of equally decayed



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"Yes, quite, Mrs. Possett." Mr. Grumley began to look as though he wished he were in the middle of the Sahara, too. "When your son was admitted—"

"I know, I'm a mother, I know." "I am sure we all, his Lordship included—particularly his Lordship—sympathise with a mother's distress. But if you will kindly tell the Court when your son was—"

"Indigestion?" the Judge asked her bleakly.

"Something cruel, Your Lordship."

"I have suffered from it all my life. I fear it is hopelessly beyond the ability of the medical profession to cure. Please proceed, Mr. Grumley."

"Did you hear that, Alfie?" demanded Sir Lancelot loudly.

"Shut up, Lancelot."

The surgeon looked shocked.

"What the devil do you mean? 'Shut up?' I am trying to assist you by

pointing out a blatant piece of misinformation."

"Silence!" shouted the usher, and went to sleep again like Alice's dormouse.

"Proceed, Mr. Grumley." The Judge gave a stare in our direction that looked as unfriendly as a trephine. Sir Lancelot sat muttering, but the only words I could distinguish were "Star Chamber."

We had peace for half an hour, while Mrs. Possett described how Sir Lancelot had turned her son from something like Tarzan into the present dyspeptic wreck.

"To what, Mrs. Possett," demanded Mr. Alphonso Spratt, rising on his

brother's behalf, "do you ascribe your son's present indisposition?"

"To 'im down there!" She pointed at Sir Lancelot. "E's the one what's gone and ruined our Herbert. I don't care what nobody says about—"

"Madam!" Sir Lancelot leapt to his feet. "It is quite bad enough for a man in my position to be dragged into a public court at all, but to be subject to ill-mannered harangues—"

"Sit down," snapped the Judge.

"Really, Your Lordship! If you cannot in your own court control the irresponsible accusations—"

"Sit down!"

Mr. Beckwith and I pulled Sir Lancelot to his seat.

"Silence!" cried the usher, having woken up a bit late.

"Mr. Spratt, after your cross-examination you will kindly enlighten your client on the penalties for contempt of court."

"Yes, My Lord. Of course, of course, My Lord. I am very grateful to My Lord—"

"I would advise you to be perfectly explicit."

"Naturally, My Lord. I am much indebted to Your Lordship's most thoughtful suggestions." He turned to glare at his brother. "You damn fool," he hissed.

"Proceed," added the Judge.

Sir Lancelot sat breathing heavily, edged up a bit and sat on one of his coat tails.

"Dr. Angus McFiggie," announced Mr. Grumley, when Mrs. Possett had escaped.

The Judge looked up.

"Your only expert, Mr. Grumley?"

"He is, My Lord."

"I am quite prepared to hear his evidence, but from what has passed already I feel it my duty to suggest to the defendant, in the interests of saving my time and public money, that he should seriously consider the possibility of a settlement. I am perfectly willing to grant an adjournment for the purpose."

Sir Lancelot looked as if a junior nurse at St. Swithin's had contradicted his diagnosis.

"What a preposterous suggestion!"

"Will you be quiet, Lancelot?" snapped his brother.

"I wish you'd make up your mind, Alfie," returned the surgeon angrily, "exactly which side you are on."

"I take it you are disinclined to settle?" demanded Mr. Justice Fishwick bleakly.

"Never!" Sir Lancelot folded his arms. "I will charitably assume the defendant refused to be uttered by counsel, who are the only persons entitled to address the Court. You will explain that to him as well, Mr. Spratt."

"I am most indebted for Your Lordship's most helpful and considerate—"

"Proceed, Mr. Grumley."

As McFiggie appeared in the box Beckwith passed me a note saying, "Hope Sir Lancelot is a sporting loser. I thought it best to make no reply."

I must say, I felt pretty miserable about the morning's proceedings. Apart from Sir Lancelot's saving the Grimadylke life, I'd developed a pretty strong respect for the old boy in our adventures over the past few months. It was pretty galling to see him not only going down the legal drain, but being treated by Fishwick much the same as I was treated myself by Miles.

OF course, McFiggie was totally different from the chap who'd sat sucking his teeth in Sir Lancelot's drawing-room. He was at home in the Court as in the saloon bar of his local. He sat glaring round, his eyebrows slowly going up and down like a pair of peculiar hairy insects likely to fly off and sting someone. Even Mr. Justice Fishwick seemed impressed.

"Dr. McFiggie," began Mr. Grumley, after reciting our pathologist's qualifications and appointments like reading out a Royal Proclamation. "Would you say, on the basis of your many—your many and most highly valued—years as a specialist in forensic medicine, that the symptoms complained of by Mr. Possett are a perfectly possible result of his operations?"

"I would."

Sir Lancelot growled. "You mean to tell the Court that the present pitiful condition of this previously healthy and virile young man might indeed have resulted from the operative interference of the defendant?"

"It might."

I anchored Sir Lancelot a bit more firmly.

"Dr. McFiggie, have you performed post-mortem examinations on the defendant's deceased patients?"

"I have."

"And is it your opinion that in many cases the operation performed was necessary or unnecessary?"

"Unnecessary."

Sir Lancelot jumped up.

"I challenge that!"

"Silence!" called several people at once.

"I challenge McFiggie to produce one jot of clinical evidence—"

"Sit down and shut up!" snapped his brother.

"You keep out of this, Alfie—"

There was a great deal of confusion, through which I could hear the Judge shouting at someone to send for the Tipstaff.

"It is perfectly clear to the meanest intelligence you have not the slightest idea what you're talking about, McFiggie," Sir Lancelot persisted hotly. "If you had taken the bother to look up an elementary students' surgical textbook—"

"Sir Lancelot Spratt!" The Judge turned pale. "I intend to commit you to Brixton Prison."

Sir Lancelot stared at him. "You intend to what?"

"I intend to commit you for contempt."

To page 69

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 13, 1961

"Lux Toilet Soap

is so gentle...so mild...
so good for my complexion"

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Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 68

I didn't know what to think. I could only see our distinguished consultant—the chap who'd slammed death's door in my face—shuffling about in broad arrows breaking stones.

"Alfie, put this matter straight at once," Sir Lancelot commanded.

"Damnation, Lancelot! If you insist on behaving without the least vestige of respect—"

"Mr. Spratt!" rapped out the judge.

"I am sorry, My Lord. Extremely sorry. I beg Your Lordship's pardon. I can only say—"

"If you'd controlled your client properly this unhappy situation would never have arisen."

"Control him? You try and control him—"

"Mr. Spratt! My Lord. Extremely sorry. This case has left me quite overwrought."

"Look here, Alfie, I am perfectly certain a judge in a civil action hasn't the slightest right to make threats like that."

"For pity's sake, Lancelot! Can't you shut your big mouth?"

"Mr. Spratt! Your language!" "Dammit! Fishy, don't you see I'm at the end of my blasted tether?" complained Alfie. "I warned you in the club last night my brother's completely impossible. I mean, I crave Your Lordship's pardon—"

"Stop crawling, Alfie," urged Sir Lancelot. "It makes me want to vomit."

"Control your client, I say!" "I'm doing my level best," exclaimed Alfie angrily. "But you're not making it any easier sitting up there threatening to hand out terms of imprisonment—"

"Mr. Spratt! You forget yourself—"

"As a matter of fact, it's about time somebody protested from the Bar about the way you've been carrying on recently toward a perfectly respectable succession of litigants—"

"That's the stuff, Alfie!" The Judge jumped up. "I intend to commit you both to Brixton Prison."

"What?" Alfie stopped short. "But that's absolutely—"

"Where's the Tipstaff? Summon the Tipstaff! Send for the—"

I was just wondering whether to cause a diversion by setting a match to the papers, when the Judge gave a groan, reached for his pill bottle, and pitched over his desk.

"Good gracious me," exclaimed Sir Lancelot. "Grimsdyke!"

"Sir?"

"Hand me that water bottle. Right you are, everyone. I'll take charge. McGiggie—don't—"

just stand there, pick up his feet. I recall now he did this once before, when I brought a foot home from the anatomy rooms for a lark and put it in his bed."

Sir Lancelot and I sat alone in his drawing-room.

He'd only bothered to switch on one light, which gave an even gloomier air to the evening. We were sipping a whisky and soda in silence.

Lady Spratt was up in Hampstead trying to engage another domestic. The new French maid had already left.

"Today," observed Sir Lancelot at last, "is my birthday."

There was another silence. "Many . . . many happy returns, sir."

"Thank you, Grimsdyke." We said nothing for another five minutes.

"I suppose I was rather impetuous in court this morning," Sir Lancelot admitted.

"Very understandable, sir," I murmured.

"On the contrary, it was very stupid of me. Unfortunately, that is the nature of the beast."

"A very useful quality sometimes, sir," I tried to console him.

"I suppose I can say that I have saved a life or two in my time by rushing in where angels and my fellow-surgeons have feared to tread," he agreed quietly.

He sat for a few moments stroking his beard.

"There is a penalty to pay for being temporarily the most important person in the lives of our several patients," he went on. "If one is treated like a god day in and day out, it requires greater strength of character than I fear I possess not to feel oneself somewhat godlike. Indeed, one deliberately plays the part—call it a bedside manner, or what you will. It reassures the patients and gives oneself a confidence that is so often painfully lacking."

He paused. "Unhappily, it is not appropriate for a court of law."

"I expect it will come out all right, sir, in the end," I added, still trying hard to cheer him up.

Sir Lancelot made no reply, but reached for an envelope beside him.

"I found this hanging about for you in the porter's lodge at St. Swinith's."

I opened it in silence. It was an invitation to the wedding of Mr. Bridgenorth and Miss Miggs.

"And here is your cheque, Grimsdyke. Though after I have faced Mr. Justice Fishwick, tomorrow, I fear there will be little point in finishing

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by **TIM**

*****AS I READ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Sept. 11

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24—DEC. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 24—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

your task. I can only offer my sincere thanks for the work you have performed."

"It was the least I could have done. After all, sir, mine was one of those lives you saved."

"What was that?" "My appendix, sir."

Sir Lancelot seemed puzzled. "You mean, you agreed to undertake my memoirs solely because you felt indebted to me for operating on you?"

"The job did rather muck up my work plans, sir," I confessed. "But—well, heartfelt gratitude and all that."

The old boy seemed to be staring at me oddly. "Grimsdyke, I really must—there's the doorbell," he broke off. "Be a good chap and answer it."

Mr. Alphonso Spratt came hurrying into the drawing-room.

"Lancelot, my dear fellow, my dear fellow . . ."

The two brothers shook hands firmly.

"I fear I failed you most miserably this morning," confessed the barrister. "I lost my temper. It was quite inexcusable."

"No, Alfie. I should have had sufficient self-control to contain myself while the Judge was being so blatantly unfair."

"I certainly agree he was outrageously unfair. I really can't understand why. But Fishy has been behaving most oddly these days. Everyone at the Bar has been noticing it."

Sir Lancelot handed him a whisky. "What was the matter when he collapsed? I know nothing of such things, of course."

★ Difficult tasks become easy and you grow more active in every department of your affairs. A release from nervous tension improves your judgment, bringing you advantages. Romance blossoms for some.

★ If in the teens or twenties you may join a youth group for social reasons. If a young married, your children may bring a new friend into your life. There could be an engagement in the family.

★ Choose the morning hours for any matter of importance. Be the first on the doormat if seeking an interview, chasing a bargain, undertaking a new venture. You'll be at your confident best before noon.

★ Sudden changes or chances may look tempting, but they can lead to disappointment. Think things through to their ultimate conclusion before you act. A new romance won't replace the loyalty of an old steady.

★ It would be unwise to let relatives or neighbors meddle in your affairs. This applies both to money and personal relationships. Clear up any obligations, social or financial, and avoid acquiring new ones at present.

★ If you have had a row with the boss or the man in your life, don't cherish a grudge. Forget it and move on. A better understanding of his point of view. Showdowns don't bring you nearer your goal.

★ An odd little adventure may act as a tonic on your morale. You might be given valuable inside information in business or you share a secret with a friend. For a few a friendship could turn romantic.

★ Your leisure interests will be more exciting than your work or your ordinary routine. Partying will be high on the agenda; you may dine and dance, make the acquaintance of an exciting stranger.

★ Advertise your talents. Don't be afraid to indulge in a little boasting, provided you can deliver the goods. If you hang back you'll be passed over, so put on an impressive show and clinch your objective.

★ The danger of rushing in might cost you a friend, or the possibility of losing a necessary job in a business venture could bring financial losses. Before accepting any proposition weigh the pros and cons.

★ Events are shaping in the right direction, but if you try to hasten matters you may spoil your chances. Keep in touch with what is going on without appearing to do so. Problems will be cleared up in time.

★ If a teenager on your first date these are glorious moments. Those somewhat older are likely to be swept into their lives. If your love affair have been stormy there's a rainbow in your sky.



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of those dinner-table hurricanes of his. "Lancelot! Alfie! M'dear chap, I was absolutely enraged by the reports in the evening papers. Hell's teeth! The whole business is perfectly scandalous. I came as soon as possible to offer you whatever help it is in my power to give."

"That is extremely kind of you, George."

"If we stick together," agreed Alfie. "At least we shall be supported through the public clamor by each other's companionship."

"A pity we have not enjoyed much of it while the years have been eating into our lives," added Sir Lancelot. I must say, it was quite a sight, the three Spratts together on the hearth rug. It had the impressiveness of one of those old Victorian naval reviews.

Captain Spratt took some snuff.

"It is perhaps not quite the moment

Continuing . . . DOCTOR ON TOAST

from page 69

to announce another item of news," he said, glancing round quickly, "but I must confess I find it somewhat difficult to contain myself."

The brothers looked at him questioningly.

"In short — Alfie, Lancelot — I have just got married."

"Married?" we all exclaimed at once.

"Yesterday morning," Captain Spratt gave a laugh. "Indeed, I am at this moment on my honeymoon. We are leaving for a voyage on the Capricorn Queen tomorrow afternoon. As passengers, naturally."

"But my dear George!" Sir Lancelot looked confused. "My congratulations, of course. I can only assure

you that Alfie and I are most anxious to meet our new sister-in-law."

"My wife is in the car outside. The young doctor might have the kindness to show her in."

Ophelia made a very pleasant impression all round.

"You may also be surprised to hear that I am leaving the Capricorn Shipping Company," the Captain declared a few minutes later. "You know how I hate the sea? I shall be going into partnership with my wife in a modelling agency."

Sir Lancelot spilt his drink.

"Modelling, did you say, George?"

"Yes, I thought they were mad when the company started taking my photograph months ago. But for some reason my face comes out like a school treat. Now the advertising wallahs have decided these homely features are just the ticket to persuade people to buy things — soap and corned beef and dog biscuits and so on. 'Captain Spratt Recommends' — they're going to put all over the place, heaven help 'em. Not that I care. The work's easy and the money's good. There's another seafaring feller doing it already in New York, advertising ginger-pop. Now we must be going, my dear —"

"Just one moment," I interrupted.

"Yes, dar . . . doctor?" said Ophelia.

"I — I happened to hear about your wedding. Secret sources of information, you know. I thought I'd like to give you a little wedding present."

I unloaded Basil's bracelet.

There was naturally a good deal of cooing over the diamonds, and as we reached the front step the Captain drew me aside for a second.

"By the way, doctor," he said quickly. "I know, of course, that both you and that other feller — what's his name? the steward — were at one time both quite attached to my lady. I hope you will forgive me?"

"Nothing to forgive. Jolly good luck to you and lots of —"

"That is not quite the point," Captain Spratt lowered his eyes. "I am conscious of it now — indeed, I may perhaps remain conscious of it for many years of my married life — that I have behaved toward you both as . . . as a bit of a cad. Good night!"

ALFIE left soon afterwards. I pocketed my cheque and prepared to leave, calculating how long it would keep me in my basement if I went easy on the first-class proteins.

"There is just one thing, Grimsdyke."

"Sir?"

Sir Lancelot stuck his hands under his coat tails then paced up and down for a moment in silence.

"I have something rather painful to confess to you, my boy."

"To confess to me, sir?"

He nodded.

"Your appendix —"

"Which jolly near did for me —"

"On the contrary, Grimsdyke. I removed a perfectly normal organ."

I gasped. "Normal, sir?"

"I made a mistake in diagnosis. It has occurred before and will most certainly occur again. That is all there was to it."

"But what about all that frightful pain and symptoms —"

"Entirely psychological. Like — er, Possett, Pseudo-appendicitis, very common among doctors and nurses, when undergoing periods of stress. I should have known better. However, it seemed best not to complicate your condition by informing you of the truth, so I concealed it."

"Indeed, I had a word with a psychiatrist before you recovered from the anaesthetic, and he urged me to withhold the news. He remembered from St. Swithin's that you — you will understand I am now speaking purely as your doctor? — that you had a rather weak personality. One too easily bent to the will of others. I seem to recall he described you as 'A psychological balloon.' I felt at the time it was better that you should not know."

"Yes, of course, sir," I said slowly.

I felt wretchedly disillusioned. And I'd helped him take those ruddy children to the zoo, too.

"Now, I fear I have detained you long enough —"

The telephone rang.

"Spratt here. Hello? Who? Oh, Potter-Phipps. How are you? Yes, of course I know Mr. Justice Fishwick. That's the one. I didn't know he was one of yours . . . H'm . . . Indeed . . . Sounds like a bad case to me. Generalised abdominal rigidity? Right. I'll be straight over."

Sir Lancelot put down the telephone. He seemed to have suddenly cheered up no end.

"Grimsdyke —"

"Sir?"

"I should be obliged if you would kindly telephone the St. Swithin's private block and tell them to prepare for a case of perforated peptic ulcer. You may inform the theatre staff that I shall be operating in one hour from now."

"I say, jolly good! That means a new trial — I mean, I'm frightfully sorry for the poor old judge —"

Sir Lancelot smiled. "Then kindly ring my usual anaesthetist. You might ask him to remind me to explain to the patient exactly what I think is wrong with the feller before I get my knife in him. Which is more than the blasted man ever did to me."

Sir Lancelot won his case the following week before another judge, and looks extremely well in the robes of the President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Captain Spratt now chortles at everyone from their cornflake packets over breakfast. The Bishop, I hear, has been inquiring about the healthfulness of the air in Canterbury.

I went back to the basement. I hadn't got much further with the great novel when Basil opened as Hamlet, and was a whacking success. I didn't even get any free seats.

THE END

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 13, 1961

FABULOUS FOODARAMA

A supermarket in your kitchen . . .

Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator gives you this true home freezer, separately insulated and refrigerated. It holds 68 lbs. of frozen food and is refrigerated on all five sides for faster, more efficient freezing. Unlike the frozen food chest of an ordinary refrigerator you can safely store foods here for months at a time. It's just like having a supermarket in your kitchen.

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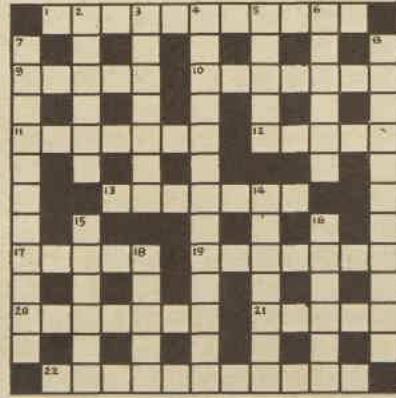
SEE? WE CAN REACH AN AGREEMENT! YOU ARE OUR IMPARTIAL ARBITRATOR, CAN YOU HELP US?

HMM—YOU FOUR PLANETS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER FOR THREE CENTURIES.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Change a feline with electrically charged particle for wrangling (11).
- Introduce her to us (5).
- Real rug may be normal (7).
- Encircles mostly by a singer who went to pieces (7).
- Smooth and concise and the end of it is Highland Gaelic (5).
- There is some inside in these substances having identical elements, but different grouping of atoms (7).
- Congregate in numbers with a moderately hot end (5).
- Wade through L.s.d. to swathe in bandages (7).
- Climbing rose, the inside made of minced lamb (7).
- Woman's name with angry start (5).
- Start usually with a ring (11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Capital of Western Punjab (6).
- For messages first make a mistake (7).
- Chimes restart (Anagr., 9, 4).
- Impermeable, but could be drunk (5).
- Unctuous lubricators (6).
- Excellent parts of caps for inspectors (11).
- This bike must have been borrowed, or possibly stolen (4-7).
- Convert into fact by zeal and ire (7).
- French opera for garage owners (6).
- Season before Nativity (6).
- Grain for brewing a Mediterranean island (5).

COLLATERATED
CAN SPB
ERATED SPIE
LOE EAGL
SENR ADMIRAL
N R A W
A RUSE IDEME
E U I T
O TARDS SMASH
O T E P P E
N T S STOPPE
S E S L S
THERMOMETER

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4860, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6344, G.P.O., Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5290. — Pretty full-skirted sunfrock with matching short jacket. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½ to 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

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F7393. — Slim frock and matching tailored jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 537.—FROCK
Attractive day frock is available cut out ready to make in spotted no-iron cotton. Colors are navy, red, pink, blue, and sage-green, all on white background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. £2/15/6, 36 and 38in. bust. £2/10/6. Postage 5/- extra.

No. 538.—THROWOVER
Available clearly traced to embroider in Swiss organdie. Colors are white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Lace edging is supplied. Size is 36 x 36in., and the price is 9/9 plus 1/3 postage.

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Pretty sunfrock with heart-shaped bodice is available cut out ready to make. Material is check gingham in lemon white, pink/white, green/white, red/white, and blue/white. Sizes two years (31in. length) 7/6; 3-4 years (30in.) 8/6; 5-6 years (23in.) 9/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

● Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Good conduct's wholesome reward...

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For many generations children have made these wholesome, nourishing biscuits their first choice for rewards, then their school lunches and later their "Racing Food."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 13, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**CASUALS GO
COLOR MAD**
—pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

£450 goes up in smoke

AT the age of 12 I tried my first cigarette, at 14 was smoking one packet a week, and now, at the age of 21, am smoking two large packets a day. My cigarette bill per week averages £2/5/- and I have estimated that I would have an extra £400 to £450 in the bank by now if I hadn't taken up smoking. Makes you think twice, doesn't it?—"Smoker With Regrets," Maroubra, N.S.W.

Life of ease

THE days I am longing for are, I hope, not long distant. I long for the time when every conceivable object will be mechanised. No more emptying garbage tins—we'll have an automatic disposal unit. No more adding, subtracting, or multiplying—we'll have machines. No more writing, no more reading—we'll have tape-recorders to talk into and to listen to. No more washing up—paper plates; no more cooking—pre-prepared meals. Oh! what a life of ease is ahead. We'll be automatically transported to the beach, and, who knows, when we get there we might even have machines to carry us out to the first line of breakers!—"Robot," Townsville, Qld.

School rag

AT our school earlier this year fourth-year students started to edit and publish a newspaper—"Checkmate." The paper contains an editorial, letters to the editor, a crossword, a general knowledge quiz, a sports quiz, "Your Stars by Madame Gaga," and other bits and pieces of school news.

We also have a "Miss Agony" column to which pupils write about their non-existent problems. (This column will make you grin even if you did get out on the wrong side of your bed.)

The paper is sold for three-pence a copy and is a tremendous success. Now it is printed once a month and is a regular feature of our school life.—Jan Nash, Talarum, N.S.W.

Fair scientists

SCIENTISTS nowadays command general respect for their achievements, but we should respect them equally for their methods of pursuing truth: for being patient and unbiased in their survey of facts, exact in their language, and prepared to scrap a theory if fresh facts tend to disprove it. In everyday life few of us think in this scientific way. Our excuse may be that life is not a laboratory.—"Leave Them Go," Wallowa, Vic.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Cheong-sams

I AM a student from Singapore at the New England University. It is quite surprising to find that our Chinese national costume is popular in Australia. I saw a number of Australian girls wearing cheong-sams when I was last in Sydney for the vacation. Personally, I think that Australian girls are slim enough to wear them. Now I enclose a recent photograph of myself and an Australian friend who, too, has a cheong-sam of her own which I brought back from Singapore.—Ng Choon Eng, University of New England, Armidale, N.S.W.



NG CHOON ENG, with friend.

Burst of verse

I AM enclosing a short, sharp burst written under great provocation. The phrasing is corny, the verse is worse, and the rhymes don't, but it has one saving virtue—it is sincere. Here it is:

Oft when on my couch I lie—
In vacant or in pensive mood—
And contemplate a cloudless sky,
Where naught but soft music intrude;
And take up pen and writing-block

To write of rose, of love, of lock,
Of spring's sweet song and autumn leaves,
And every lovely thing that breathes:
The sea, the sand, the fields, the moors,

Of Grecian urns and Gothic doors;
When my happy heart is aglow with spring—
Alas! I cannot write a thing.
But when black melancholy descends, and spreads
Her velvet darkness o'er golden heads,

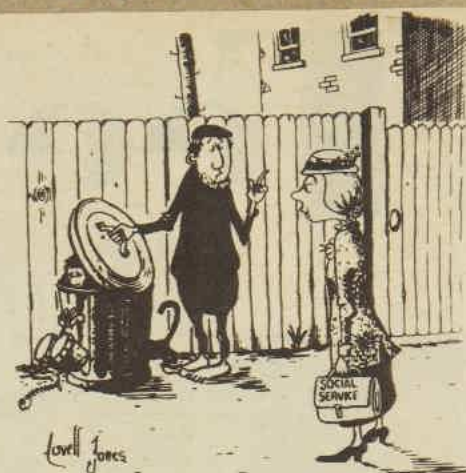
When my heart is filled with hate and disillusion,
Depression and distrust in terrible confusion,
And I am grovelling in the depths of my mind,
Dreading to think what I might find,

As restless as a lion pacing there,
When the tang of freedom hovers in the air;
And I loathe the sight of my near and dear;
When I spurn words with a contemptuous sneer,

And instead find solace in a darkening sky—
When I could write until my pen ran dry!

—Sally Gunther, 17, Grandview Grove, Armadale, Vic.

BEATNIK



"If you'll just wait a moment, lady, I'll see if he's in."

Just dumb!

MY wife and I cannot enter into an intelligent conversation with our grandchildren, notwithstanding that they attend some of the best schools in Melbourne and have done so for years!

The young people may have attended a church service or been to see a good play, yet five minutes afterwards do not appear to be able to say a few words about what they have just seen or heard.

As for writing an intelligent letter when they go on a holiday (apart from the frequent use of such words as "terrific"), and the spelling is outrageous! Certain figures of speech and allusions to events and the works of famous authors do not mean a thing to them.

What is the remedy (if any) for this? Radio and TV cannot take all the blame. There must be some weakness in our education system.—"Disappointed," Nunawading, Vic.

Dream of glory

I AM well known for my good looks, my wealth, my brains, my reckless driving of sports cars, my attraction to beautiful girls, my good personality, my many friends, and my generosity. Oh, yes, I am also well known as a daydreamer.—Richard Holosworth, Beach Rd., Black Rock, Vic.

Next week

DO you ever run out of ideas for supper dishes when you give a party? Next week our teenage cook Debbie brings you three fabulous recipes—all illustrated in color with easy-to-follow directions. ALSO... teenage singer Judy Stone is on our cover—in the lace-top party dress she recently wore on the TV show "Bandstand." You'll be able to get a pattern for this dress to make one for yourself.

"I LIKE BEING THREE FEET SIX"

THERE'S many a time when I feel that I am about three feet six. It's no one's fault, of course, yet ever since I can remember it has been, "Isn't she tiny!", "She's so small," and even, "Don't worry, dear, you'll sprout up when you turn sixteen!"

Well, I'm seventeen now, and I haven't grown a fraction of an inch in the past four years, so it appears that I am stuck with my height (or lack of it). I have always had the most unfeminine group of nicknames, which run something like these—"skeeta," "splinter," "massive," and for some unknown reason, as I am far from quiet, "mouse."

I love looking in the fashion magazines for ideas to increase height and hairstyles for the dainty. The way in which I have to literally hunt in shops for a pair of size two shoes

● "I like being ten feet six inches!" wrote Margaret Knight (T.W., 5/6/61). She gave the funny, the bad, and the pleasant sides of being tall. Another girl replies, "I like being three feet six inches!"

with 2½-inch heels is really unbelievable!

I can wear almost anything and look smart in it. I will admit that tall girls have elegance and sophistication, but don't think that a short girl was the original "ugly duckling."

She can look charming, pretty, and petite. She can walk as gracefully, act as sweetly, and be as sensible as any other teenager.

And where I have it over the tall girls is on the dance floor. Even in "heels" I have yet to find a boy who is more than one inch shorter than me,

Yet another advantage to the short girl (although the tall girls will disagree) is the absolute absence of being able to reach great heights or lift heavy parcels. This is where the male steps in. Innocently and cheerfully, the short girl stands aside while the gallant man performs his magnificent display of strength. Chivalry lives again!

It seems that everyone has her own problems in a bus; tall girls have to bend their heads, short girls cannot reach the handrail. I stand on my toes with the ends of my fingers grasping around the rail

while I bounce up and down like a cork in water, only to emerge at the end of my journey with sore toes and an arm which has gone to sleep.

Short girls will know exactly how I feel when I say that in a crowded store or street I feel like Jack among the giants, but unfortunately I have no beanstalk to which I can turn when I wish to get away from it all. So I make the best of it.

I don my high-heeled shoes, comb my hair up high, stand straight, sit straight, walk straight, and others as well as I forget my absence of height.

A final word of advice to short girls. Don't worry about your height; stay just what you are—pretty, petite, and feminine. My height, incidentally, is four feet eleven and a half inches (permanently).—Elaine Dowell, Austin St., Oakleigh, Vic.

Our pin-up

TONY IS A STAY-AT- HOME BOY

● Tony Brady is one young Australian singer who doesn't have any burning ambition to try his luck overseas.

WHY? "Prospects in Australia for recording stars are tremendous," he said. "You just can't go anywhere but ahead. The record companies are crying out for more local talent."

Tony's first and only, so far, record, "Angel in a Red and White Scarf," went well on popularity charts. He will soon release another — "Big Things Are Happening."

Tony started singing lessons four years ago, and began his professional career as a Sydney dance-band vocalist in 1958.

"I had my first break last year, when Keith Walshe used me on his 'Youth Show' every fortnight," Tony said.

In May this year he got his biggest boost to date with the job, for a while, of regular compere-vocalist on "Mainstream for Moderns," an A.B.C. radio show.

"This was valuable as a promotion show, apart from the experience," said Tony. "I was heard over every National A.B.C. station and over practically all N.S.W. country A.B.C. regionals."

He has also appeared on the A.B.C. TV variety show, "Make Ours Music," with Ray Melton, Lionel Long, and The Escorts, a Melbourne vocal group.

He currently appears on the Brisbane TV "Late Show," sang on stage with visiting American Jimmy Rodgers, and this month, he says, will sign a contract for appearances in a Sydney nightclub.

Sounds like a pretty full schedule. But Tony also has a regular nine-to-five job as assistant manager of a music-publishing firm.

Until 15 months ago Tony was a Public Service clerk, but he found it impossible to concentrate on both that and music.

He flies regularly to Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne for television work, and at the same time looks out for new song material.

Tony's ambition? "To have my own business, whether it is music publishing, TV or radio production, or artist promotion," he said.

For the girls, Tony is 24, single, good-looking, has green eyes, likes fishing and playing squash, and hasn't a steady girl-friend. "I don't drink or smoke," he said. He likes girls with long hair.

Marriage is the downfall of a lot of singers," he said. "It's a full-time career in itself."



Helena Rubinstein's BIO-CLEAR MEDICATION

Helps shrink away
acne pimples fast!



**EVERY GIRL AND BOY CAN
NOW HAVE A CLEAR AND
HEALTHY SKIN.**

Apply quick-acting BIO-CLEAR Medication to trouble spots. It goes to work swiftly, gently peeling away the acne pimples—no harsh peeling takes place—no ugly scars result. Your skin begins to respond at once . . . you will see acne pimples dry up and shrink away. BIO-CLEAR Medication absorbs excess oil, too. Every girl—boy—adult, too—should keep a tube handy for occasional acne breakouts. **9/11**



PRODUCTS OF THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN CLINICAL RESEARCH DIVISION

"Bio-Clear" is available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading city stores and leading chemists throughout the Commonwealth.

Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly

LISTEN HERE —with Kirsten Ward

Red into black

● Sign of the times . . . The Thunderbirds have changed their flame-red stage jackets for brass-buttoned black.

THEY chose the red to match their tempo back in the old days when rock was really fiery—but now they're following the quieter trend.

The Thunderbirds are the first Victorian group to accompany a big American show. They're travelling with Freddy Cannon, Jack Scott, Ray Petersen, Dion and Tony Orlando for stadium performances in Brisbane, Melbourne, and Sydney this week.

They have cut three hit records—"Wild Weekend," "New Orleans Beat," and "Machine Gun."

Away from his current lucrative line of music, drummer Harold Frith, who holds the reins of the outfit, is a classics lover and is studying percussion seriously with hopes of "going classical" in his "old age."

At night and on weekends Gordon Onley plays the bass, but from nine to five he's a bank clerk. He used to be a distance track runner, but now concentrates on motor cycling.

Youngest member, Chuck Gauld, who hailed from Aberdeen three years ago, sometimes drifts off into his favorite Spanish tempo as a rest from the rock. He only began playing the guitar on the voyage to Australia. He was learning the bagpipes before that, but has never tried rock-n-roll with them.

Henri Bource is a deep-sea diving fanatic. He spends every weekend under the water, and even has a job selling underwater equipment. He began playing the saxophone and the flute when he arrived in Australia six years ago from Holland.

Bespectacled 20-year-old pianist Murray Robertson studied for four years at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music before he decided that he would rather ramble through rock-n-roll any day.

"THE Cockroach Killer," 23-year-old singer John Ford, earned his nickname because he stamps with one foot while singing. He has spent the last year or so appearing regularly on TV in Adelaide and is now in Sydney for teen shows.

John has an off-beat sense of humor. Asked how tall he was, he replied he was five feet 9½ in flannels! John is single, but, he says, very lonely.



THE THUNDERBIRDS. From left, at back, are Gordon Onley, bass, Murray Robertson, piano, Chuck Gauld, guitar, and, in front, Harold Frith, who leads the group, on drums, and Henri Bource, saxophonist.

HIDDEN talent found. Lionel Long, whose old mail-box was too small to take the stacks of mail he gets each day, is making a new one himself. He's a talented singer, a good artist—and now he's putting carpentry skill to test by making his mail-box in the shape of a guitar.

BRITISH teenagers have a new rock idol who wears his hair about two feet long, tops it with a pair of buffalo horns, and shouts, stamps, and screams on stage wearing only a bear-skin!

This alarming young man calls himself "Screaming Lord Sutch." His claims to aristocracy are questionable, but since he's earning approximately £60 a week I don't expect he cares.

Local talent: The Melbourne group The Pennyrockets play "Walkout" and "Gondolier," two rhythm instrumentals on W & G 45. It's good for dancing.

MY mother likes to listen to the records with me, and often gives an emphatic opinion.

She liked "Tumbleweed" and "Li'l Ole Me" played by The Brass Monkeys (Pye 45), and on that we chose to differ.

Pops: You'll find good value on "Remember This One" (W & G LP) if you like pops. It features 15 hits recorded in Australia, some by top-line local artists, some by overseas stars.

THE Everley Brothers are great entertainers—but the material on their latest release (London LP) doesn't show them at their best. Still, it's the Everleys . . .

FOLK-SINGING isn't everyone's cup of tea, but I always ask for a second one—so, for me, Sea Chanties sung by The Robert Shaw Chorale is a winner (R.C.A. LP).

FEW people will remember the name Hank Williams. He was a great song-writer early in the century, but, in the old cliché, his music lives today. On Everest LP a collection is played by guitarist Billy Mure and his orchestra. It's good.

WORTH HEARING

MUSIC FOR GUITAR

THE guitar is a good deal older than Presley—about seven centuries or more older. It has kept its name and (with some variations) its shape ever since the Middle Ages, and we have music for guitar written more than four hundred years ago.

Festival Records have just released a new disc by the greatest of modern guitarists, Andres Segovia, called Three Centuries of the Guitar. It comprises works ranging in date from 1692 to 1934.

All but one of the composers are, like Segovia himself, Spanish; the guitar's associations with Spain are so strong that the true classical instrument is commonly called the Spanish guitar.

This classical guitar is, needless to say, very different from the instrument that goes by the name of guitar in a jazz band. For one thing it has gut strings (or these days nylon) instead of steel, and is played by the fingertips instead of strummed with a "pick." In the hands of a player like Segovia it is capable of extraordinary richness and subtlety.

The release of this record is of special interest just now because Segovia is due to make his first Australian tour later this year.

—MARTIN LONG

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 13, 1961

● TV's "Bandstand" compere has taken up a hobby — and it's a smasher!

It's Brian's turn to rock and roll!

BRIAN HENDERSON
... "I'm thrilled."



● Deliberately smashing his car into other drivers' ... bouncing into fences to avoid being rammed, in turn ... skidding madly round and round ...



... IN A STOCK CAR

By
**KIRSTEN
WARD**

ROARING along at 50 m.p.h. during a recent near-Sydney charity meeting, Brian heads a borrowed stock car, Fireball, for the finishing line. Often cars are too battered to keep going.

THAT'S how Brian Henderson, compere of the top-ranking teen TV show, "Bandstand," likes to drive.

Not all the time, of course. Brian only goes wild behind the wheel of a stock-car racer. Driving on the roads he's as courteous and discreet as he is in his job.

He's raced borrowed cars already at Westmead, N.S.W., in charity competitions between radio and TV stars — but on September 10 he'll race his own for the first time.

Why does Brian follow this tough sport? "I'm doing it for kicks. It's exhilarating. You'd know if you'd raced," he explained.

Loves cars

From now on, stock-car racing will be the top hobby for Brian, who said he hasn't had any planned spare time activities since he came to Australia from New Zealand in 1953. He likes target shooting and riding, too, but loves cars best.

Brian is having a 1934 American coupe rebuilt and "souped-up" by two 19-year-old Sydney boys, Barry Lewis, of Chatswood, and Peter Lee, of Epping.

Many teenagers will remember Barry as one of the original members of Dig Richards' R Jays instrumental group.

Barry is working as a driver now and Peter is a clerk.

Brian reckons that the life of a stock-car driver is more hectic than that of a compere.

Certainly there's probably more rocking and rolling!

If a driver is lucky (and Brian says it is largely a matter of luck) he'll win. That is, if he still has all four wheels and the engine isn't sitting smouldering on the track 50 yards back!

Once in a field of 30 cars, rac-

ing over 50 laps, only one car finished.

SCODA (Stock Car Owners and Drivers' Association) has a list of stipulations for any car that enters a race controlled by it.

Barry and Peter must follow these stipulations in refitting Brian's car.

All glass and inflammable material such as wood must be removed. Barry and Peter are also covering the windows with wire mesh to protect Brian from flying debris from other cars.

The weight of the car is limited to 36cwt. All doors must be welded shut, and there must be protective steel plates over the driver's head and at his sides.

The driver must be strapped into the seat with a quick-release safety-harness.

The battery must be securely fastened to the chassis and covered with rubber and steel. The petrol tank must be at the back of the car, securely welded down.

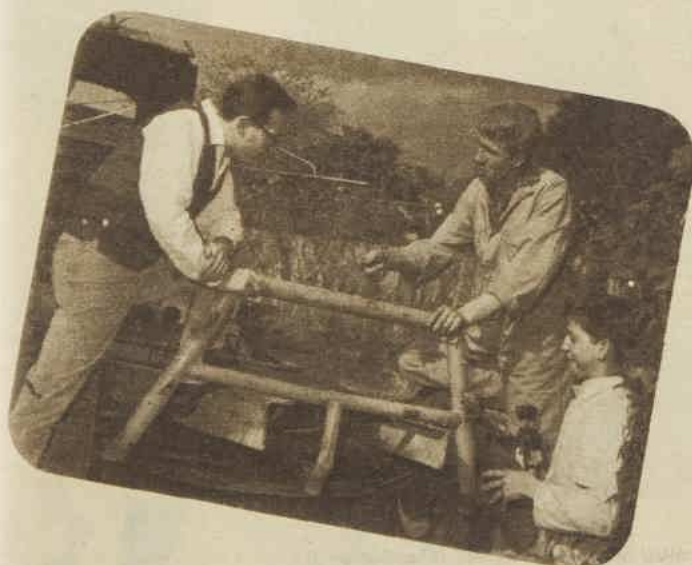
Costly hobby

All sharp corners, edges, or protrusions will be cut away, and to reduce skidding there will only be brakes on the rear wheels.

The bumper bars will be extended out both back and front on steel girders to give more protection in a collision.

Stock-car racing is an expensive hobby, though Peter and Barry have managed to cut down on costs by doing all the work themselves and using materials from previous cars they have raced. (Peter has won a second place, Barry a third.)

An old car still in running order can be bought for about £15, but then, if you're starting from scratch, you can allow a couple of hundred more for all the extras needed to fit the car to the stipulations of SCODA.



BRIAN watches as Barry Lewis (centre) and Peter Lee work on his new stock car. Fans will be glad to know that the boys are installing many safety guards to protect the show star.

CASUALS GO COLOR MAD

● Clashing, hot colors for casual clothes have set up a vibration that will be heard all summer. Young-minded Australian designers have taken color-crazy fabrics from here, there, and everywhere to produce the zestful, free and easy clothes we show on these two pages. They are ideal for the long, action-filled summer that lies ahead, and — even better — will come out of holiday cases still looking as spick and span as when they went in.



CHA-CHA BLOUSE of crazy-color roses is for day or night. It has three-quarter pull-down, push-up sleeves, and is made of imported crush-proof, washable, no-iron cotton.

MUU-MUUS can be bold (like that on the left) with a giant stripe or demure (right) in a Californian-designed, jewel-like Persian print of glamorous but washable sateen.



TOWN-GOING jumper suit and "little nothing" dress of noisy stripes are made of Australian-designed screen-printed honan that looks like pure silk. They're crush-proof for easy care.

OUR COVER shows two dramatic and versatile poncho tip-tops, rioting with vibrant color. The washable no-iron fabric from which they are made was designed under the bright sun of Capri. Like the tip-tops, the two bandit hats, full of dash and derring do, have been made by Australian designers for spring.



BOBBLED rib-tickler top and slack suit of imported poplin in clashing color stripes is an air-conditioned teenage French fashion. Pictures by photographer Keith Barlow.



Suntan to suit you



● *Why is it that each year at the first sign of summer the one aim of the average girl is to achieve a deep suntan in practically no time at all?*

THE answer is fairly easy to come by. It's just that a smooth, even coat of suntan looks pretty terrific on some girls and everyone—well, almost—wants to try it, too.

Unfortunately, it's not so easy. People who are good tanners usually have dark skin, or rather skin with plenty of natural dark pigment, and this permits them to take the sun as easily as ducks to water.

Sunshine in moderation is good for most skin, but if you are naturally fair or freckle-prone, it's only common sense to study your complexion and aim at suntan effects that suit it.

Even so, don't make the mistake of trying to tan in a hurry, for it can't be done.

Note: If you just can't stand the sun at all, be wise and play it cool and cautious all the time.

Most often, the best suntans that are around are achieved by starting off early in the season

and by only exposing the skin in small doses.

The basic ground rules of skin exposure say five minutes the first day, 10 the next, and so on, until you have a nice even tan. Watch the clock, and have on hand to wear the prettiest (or craziest) wide-brimmed hat you can find.

In this way you can be sure of not overdoing it.

Sensitivity will diminish as the sun builds up a deposit of pigment in the skin. This may take a week or more. After that, let sun, oil, and discretion be your comfort.

When you go bathing, always apply your sun-screen preparation before venturing out of doors, and pay special attention to nose, shoulders, and knees. Take it with you to reapply after an hour or so, after bathing, or whenever the skin feels hot and uncomfortable.

Watch your shoulder-strap line, too. A halter neckline may just look fine today, but when it becomes a semi-permanent dark track, it creates a grooming problem with low-necked dresses. So try your best to tan evenly.

by Carolyn Earle

HOME ON THE PIG'S (ETC.) BACK

● An 86-year-old man has revealed that in his youth he went courting on a camel.

THE man, Mr. Hampton Howell, of the Sydney suburb of Drummoyne, confesses that his wooing (in Western Australia) with that form of transport was unsuccessful.

Now this is quite understandable. A camel's back doesn't offer much opportunity for cuddling while a bloke drives his girl home. There's nothing quite like a camel to give a girl the hump.

But there are plenty of other animals with which a boy could replace a car — and which would send a couple into transports, literally.

Imagine, for instance, the fun a feller and his femme could have on a night out with the family leopard.

They couldn't drive a leopard, you say? Why not? Isn't it a car-nivorous animal?

Oh, what a wonderful time they'd have — hitting the high spots!

And after it was all over she would kiss him good night and murmur, "Fangs for a lovely evening."

A couple could also travel on a hyena (if they were out for laughs), go for a Muskrat Ramble on a beaver (if they wanted to see how the otter half lives), or drive a giraffe (if the girl wasn't against too much necking).

Using an animal of the antelope family would be also okay — as long as you don't get stranded with a broken springbok. A broken-down fox needs quite a lot of vixen, too.

A girl would have to be careful being driven along a lonely road on a bird. The boy might pull the old stunt about running out of petrol!

The one drawback with animal transport seems to be that passengers would be unprotected from the elements — unless, of course, you had a Sudan animal.

So, obviously, a girl invited to a spin on a beast would often look at an overcast sky and refuse, saying: "No, it's going to reinder."

Of course, as with a car, an escort couldn't be too beastly when he took out a girl on an animal.

Even though they might be having a whale of a time, he mustn't bring her home too late.

Otherwise, her father would sternly say: "Never darken my dormouse again!"

But a father need never worry about a daughter out on an elephant. He could always put in a trunk call!

Actually, now I come to think of it, there is an animal other than the camel which would drive passengers to destruction as well as distraction. The animal kills itself. What is it?

The answer's a lemming!

-Robin Adair

Exciting new Lovely Legs Contest begins —

You could be the Remington Princess for 1961!

- * You would fly Pan-American to romantic Fiji!
- * You would spend two glorious weeks at the Club and Korolevu Hotels!
- * Remington Princess makes lovely limbs lovelier. Have you the loveliest legs in Australia?



An exciting jet flight and an unforgettable holiday

Two wonderful weeks in Fiji, flown there and back in the pampered luxury of one of Pan Am's Intercontinental Jet Clippers, fastest and largest in the world. Plus a stay at the fabulous Korolevu Beach Hotel at Korolevu and at the elegant Club Hotel in Suva, as guest of Northern Hotels Pty. Ltd., where all the glamour of trade winds and tropic reefs is waiting.

Twelve Remington Princess Shavers (two for each State) will be awarded to successful runners-up.

HOW TO ENTER:

To enter this exciting contest, follow the rules set out here and fill in the coupon below. Post it to us, enclosing the photograph you think best displays your legs and add 25 words stating why you would like a Remington Princess.

Address all entries to:

"Princess Competition", 10th Floor, 65 York Street, Sydney



REMINGTON

Princess

is a girl's closest friend!

The world's first lady's shaver to give clean-limbed beauty in seconds with no nicking, unsightly scratches or after-irritation as with other harsh methods. The closest, gentlest action ever to keep skin smooth and silken. Remington Princess makes a certainty of perfect grooming for legs and underarms—a fashion essential for the long, hot Australian summer. Every girl needs a Princess!



CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Any reader of Teenagers' Weekly over the age of 16 years and single may enter. Entry is FREE. Each entrant must submit a full length photograph of herself measuring at least 3' x 4', together with a 25 word sentence telling why she would like a Remington Princess Shaver.
2. Submit as many entries as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a Teenagers' Weekly entry coupon.
3. Mutilated or illegible entries will be disqualified. Print name, address and 25 words clearly.
4. Every entry will receive full consideration and the judges decision will be final. No correspondence can be entered into.
5. Photographs will not be returned. All entries become the property of Remington Rand.
6. All details must be filled out in the coupon, including the signature of a parent or guardian.
7. Closing date for the Remington Princess Competition is 31st October, 1961, and no entries can be considered after that time. All entries should be posted to:
- 8.

"Princess Competition"

10th Floor, 65 York Street, Sydney.

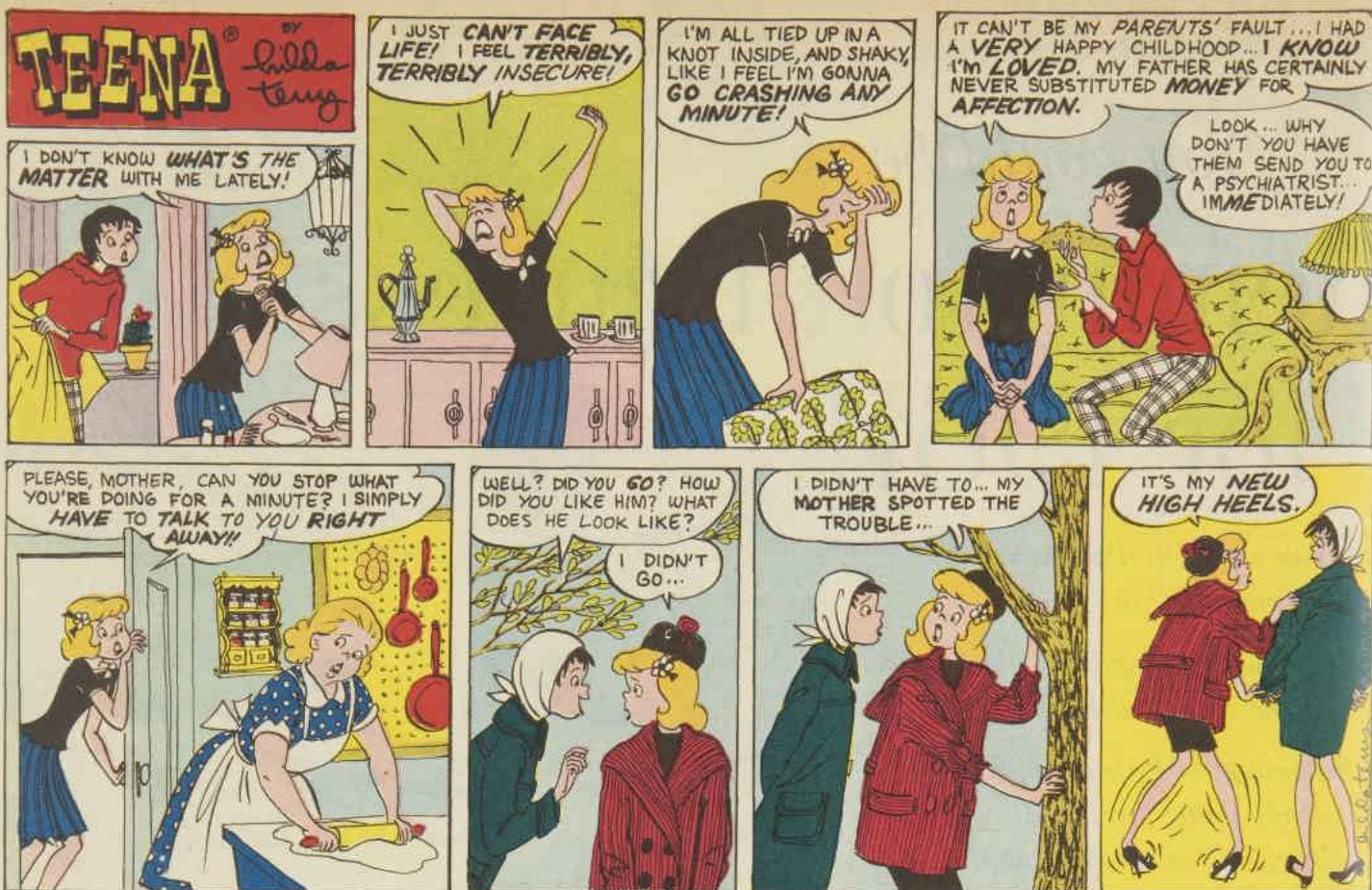
NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

(Parent or Guardian if under 21)

RRS29P



Sandra

SANDRA'S romance with Gerald Radnace is over. She has been upset about it, but time passes and Sandra has been dating Detective Mike Rogers. Mike proposes! NOW READ ON...

by Bill Sawyer



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Only boy she knows

"SOME time ago I went with a boy for about three months. We stopped going together about a month ago and now I have been given two tickets for a very formal dance. If I asked him to go with me, do you think he would think I was trying to get him back? This is not the reason I am asking him, it is because I don't know of any other boy I could ask. We are still the best of friends and I know he isn't going to the dance with anyone else."

"Dance," Qld.
I don't see any harm at all in asking him as long as you make it quite clear that you are not trying to rekindle the old flame. Being honest with him is the best way to let him know this. It would be a good thing if you both went to this dance, because either one of you, or both, might meet a new love there and start fresh romances. When you do ask him, phrase your invitation so that he knows he may refuse easily without hurting you, and that the evening won't cost him money.

Boy next door

"THERE is a nice, well-mannered boy staying next door to me. He is my age, 13, and talks to me after school in a friendly way. It seems as if he likes me, but at school when his friends say, 'Do you like her' (meaning me), he says he doesn't. Do you think he likes me? And could I make him say 'She's Okay.'"

"Wondering," N.S.W.
Even at your age, it is time you knew that no female can change a male. She only thinks she can. Sometimes she gets results from her efforts for a while, usually she loses the man altogether. I think you should act like a nice well-mannered girl of 13 and leave your friendship with this boy alone. It seems a very normal relationship to me, for kids of your age.

Against foursomes

"I AM a 20-year-old boy and have known a particular girl of 19 for about 18 months. I asked her out a couple of times, but she always had to bring a girl-friend with her and I had to drag someone else along to make up a foursome. This was never satisfactory. To make things worse, we weren't the same religion and she was forbidden to see me. I had a talk with her family, though, and we were allowed to go out together one night a week, sometimes twice. Now I find she is seeing another boy who lives in the same area. I live well out of town and don't know what goes on between them. She told me she doesn't want to get serious yet with anyone, so I asked her what was going on with this other boy. She said she was just making up a foursome. I don't agree with this, and said so. She said she was going to keep on seeing him occasionally, and, as I was seeing her a lot more than the other fellow, I had nothing to worry about. What do you suggest I do? Drop her and find some-

one else, or hang around and take my turn?"

"Hopeful," N.S.W.
Look, I think you'd better revise your ideas about women and courting. Your present ideas are completely cockeyed.

When a girl accepts an invitation to go out with you, she signifies when she accepts that she enjoys your company. That is all. She neither makes nor implies promises to love only you, go out with no one else, and stick faithfully to you until you may take it into your head to propose.

I think this girl is absolutely right in her attitude. Whatever you say, she is at liberty to go out with whomever she wishes; it's nothing to do with you.

Wouldn't you take another girl out if you got the chance, if you thought you were going to enjoy her company? Of course you would. You are a superman if you are sitting up reading this with a "pi" expression and thinking "certainly not."

Eventually you'll meet a girl you want to live with for the rest of your life. You'll woo her and marry her. Then you will have some right to order her life, with requests like: don't speak to him, cook a cake, stay at home, iron my shirts, entertain the Joneses. Until you get that ring on the finger, though, tread warily with your strictures or before long you won't even know a girl who is ready to accept an invitation from you.

Moustache

"I HAVE a little moustache above my top lip and it is quite embarrassing. I know it frightens all the boys away, and as I have black hair and darkish skin it shows more. I have tried peroxide and it has done me no good. I am 16. Please don't laugh at me."

"Unhappy," Vic.
You live near a city, so you should go at once to one of the reputable beauty

salons and have a lip-wax. It would cost you about 10/-, and you'd come out without that little moustache that embarrasses you so much. Generally people need to have one about every two to three months, and after you have watched an operator do it several times, it is a very simple matter to use the wax yourself. You can buy a complete set of equipment, saucepan, applicator, wax, and directions for round a guinea.

Waxing doesn't make the hair grow more thickly or quickly; it is very effective and most women use it these days, when people openly use cosmetics to make them more attractive.

Do make an appointment soon, because such things can make your life a misery.

Birthday present

"WHILE I was keeping company with a boy recently he gave me a lovely birthday present. Since then we have finished seeing each other, but are still very good friends. He is having his 21st birthday shortly and I should like to know if it would be correct to give him a small gift or card. My family are against this, but I myself feel as though I should give him something."

"Holland," N.S.W.
There is nothing incorrect about giving him a gift for his birthday. The thing is, why do you want to give him one?

My reaction is that you want either to repay him for the present he gave you in happier circumstances or you want to start things over again with him romantically. When I think that, I think he would think it, too, only more so, and instead of getting a warm glow from your present, all he would get would be embarrassment.

I wouldn't give him a present. I think your family is right.

Eye make-up

"WHEN I make my debut I will be 16. I want to wear eye make-up that night (it will be the first time), but my mother says I shouldn't, because debutantes should be fresh, unsophisticated, and young looking. I think that eye make-up, if properly applied, gives just that effect. Could you please give me your opinion so we can come to an agreement?"

"Deb-to-be," N.S.W.
I agree with your mother that deb should look fresh, unsophisticated, and young looking. I don't think eye make-up can make you look like that, but it can be used by an expert to heighten the fresh young look.

I'm against it for your debut.

Know your HOW TO EAT ... etiquette

ASPARAGUS is eaten with the fingers. Dip the tips in the sauce that goes with the asparagus. It's quite in order to leave the tough ends, NEVER chew these ends before you leave them on the plate.

OYSTERS are speared with the fork provided, then dipped in sauce. If lemon is served with oysters, hold the lemon wedge in your left hand, and extract the juice by twisting the fork in the lemon.

BREAD ROLLS are broken with the fingers, NEVER cut. They are buttered and eaten, a small piece at a time. Bread is cut into small pieces, each portion cut and buttered just before eating.

CHICKEN IN THE BASKET is eaten with the fingers. It is served cut into small pieces in a wicker basket. A finger-bowl and towel are provided to wash your hands when you've finished.

• What is YOUR etiquette problem? Write to "Etiquette," Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney, and we shall publish the correct answers to as many as possible. Sorry—but we can't reply to any questions by mail.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



Clever back-room girls, who go into the sewing-room with a few yards of material and come out with dresses that look as if they've picked them off the covers of fashion magazines, have dressmaking know-how.

How's yours? Here are a couple of chic tricks.

• When making thin shoulder straps for party dresses, use white shoe-laces dyed the same color as the dress. They look good, don't break like material straps.

• When sewing large buttons on a garment, back them underneath with a cheap, smaller button. This should hold the button in its place for the duration of the dress.

• Try some curtain-ring buttons. From the material you are using, cut circles approximately double the size in diameter of a standard-size curtain ring. Cover the curtain-ring with the material, gathering material tightly at the centre-back, where it can be attached to garment later.

This will give a smooth, flat finish to the front of button. To complete it, stitch a neat, small running-stitch around the inside circumference of the curtain ring.

I know you've probably practised at it for ages, and are quite expert, but I think sophisticated make-up used for the first time often makes a young girl look a bit pathetic. You know what I mean—she looks as if she's using her mother's make-up.

Another thing is that on such an exciting occasion mascara in the eye, or a smudge underneath it, is enough to ruin the first half-hour, and nothing should be allowed to mar such a happy night.

Skip the eye make-up; just use your ordinary make-up routine.

Solo dancer

"I AM having trouble with my boy-friend. He likes dancing, and so do I. A few weeks back we went to a dance together, and he wouldn't allow me to dance with any other boy. He said I shouldn't dance with another boy when he takes me. Is he right or wrong?"

"Dancer," Qld.
I think he's absolutely wrong. If you can only dance with him, and when he feels like it, why not stay at home and dance to the radio? I'd get rid of him. He sounds an awful, dull bore.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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